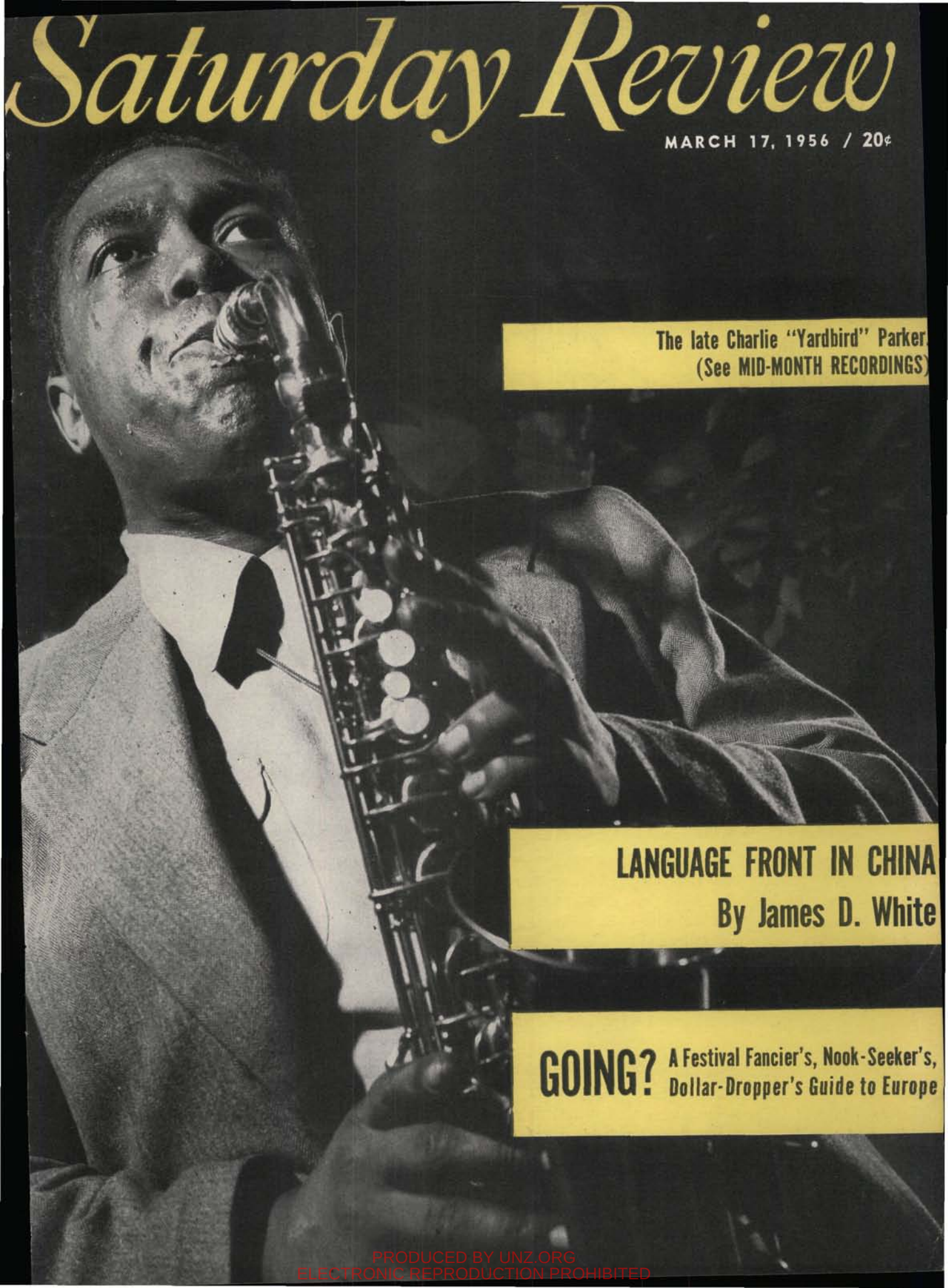
Saturday Review

MARCH 17, 1956 / 20¢



The late Charlie "Yardbird" Parker
(See MID-MONTH RECORDINGS)

LANGUAGE FRONT IN CHINA
By James D. White

GOING?
A Festival Fancier's, Nook-Seeker's, Dollar-Dropper's Guide to Europe

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 17, 1956

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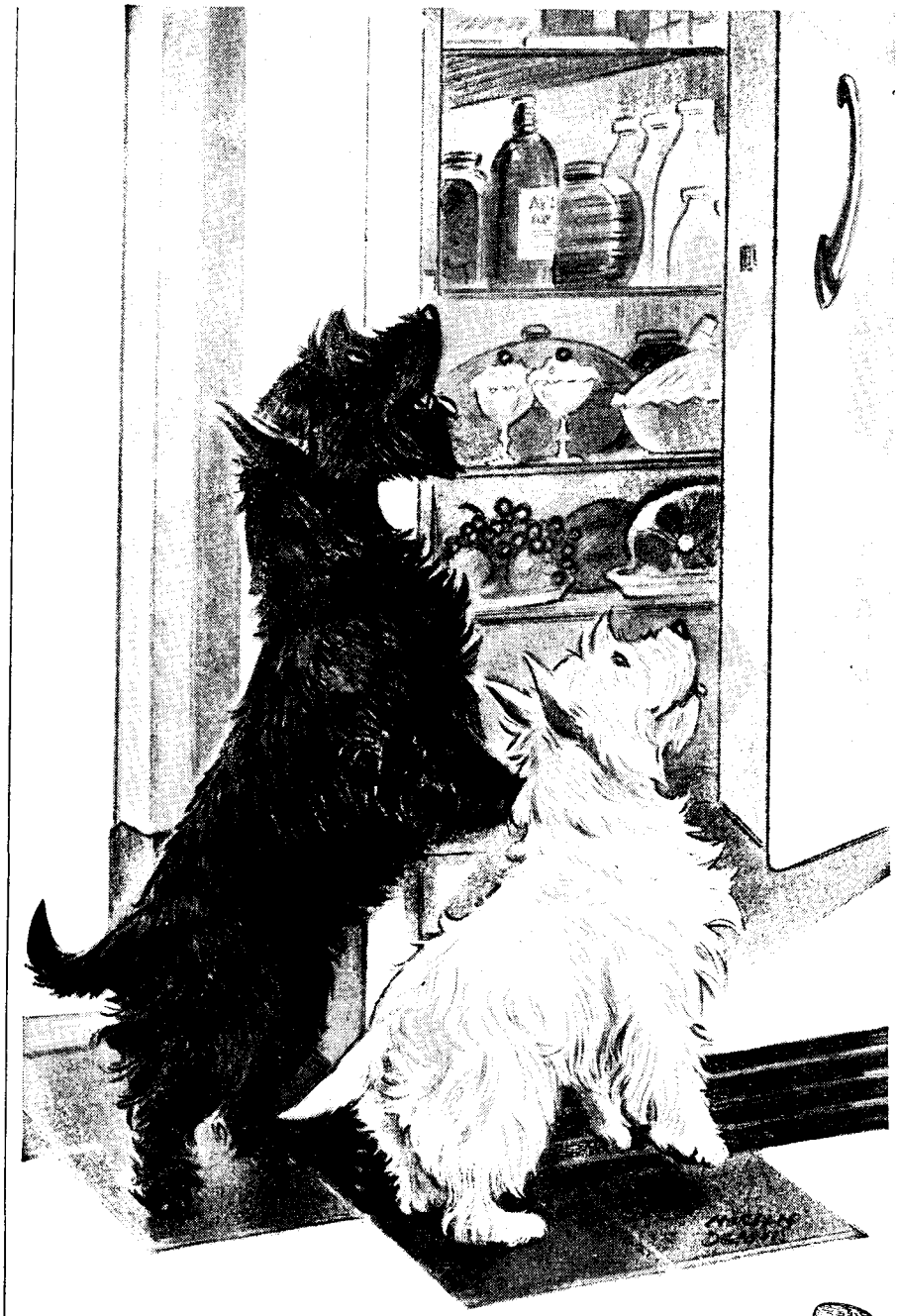

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TRADE Winds

I NEVER DREAMED I'd get out to California this winter. The little woman had talked me into taking her to Europe come spring, and I told myself, "That's that."

There came the morning, however, when George Gobel called me from the Coast and said, "Do you think we might persuade you to be the special guest on our TV show one Saturday evening?" "Persuading" me was mighty difficult. "You *bet* I will," I exclaimed—and was off to California in a cloud of American Airlines officials and dust.

MY ADVENTURES on the Gobel show and a subsequent visit to Disneyland will be told in a future column. More pressing, it seems to me, is the need to pass on to you the burden of a talk I had in Palm Springs with a man I consider one of the most outstanding in America today—Paul Hoffman. Vicious attacks on one of his pet projects, the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, and the frightening headway we are allowing Russia to make in the part of Asia that is still free have aroused him to a fighting pitch.

"At the end of World War II," pointed out Mr. Hoffman, "there were fewer than 200,000,000 people under Communist domination. During the past decade 800,000,000 more have been added. Now Russia's new leaders are making menacing gestures in the direction of still another 800,000,000 people still free in Asia. If they are successful—and nobody who will face facts can deny that they are making frightening headway—just where will that leave us?

"Some 600,000,000 of the people in this target area live in ten new nations that have won their independence in the past decade." (To test your knowledge of current history I suggest you try to name these ten nations yourself before reading the list. Don't read further until you've tried—but these are the ten countries: Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, Laos, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Korea, and South Viet-Nam.)

"These countries," continued Paul Hoffman, "used as a model of their fight for freedom our own American Revolution. The eternal principles for which we waged that war are still more explosive in their capacity to change the world than air power or even atomic bombs.

"But sympathy, a good example, and moral support for these new democracies are not enough. They need our material help—and they need it quickly. One billion dollars judiciously distributed should suffice for the next year. Lest that sum stagger you let me remind you that we are committed to an expenditure of between thirty and thirty-five billions for defense purposes alone in that same period. Against that sum, what if some —or even most—of one billion dollars spent to keep 800,000,000 free people on our side turns out to have been misspent? Does not this strike you as a good gamble—at good odds? And yet, particularly in this election year, it is maddeningly difficult to persuade America and its Congress to meet the issue squarely."

Paul Hoffman concluded on a note of hope. "If we do help the free nations of Asia to achieve political stability and economic self-sufficiency," he predicted, "I think it will have a momentous effect upon Soviet policy. It would, I believe, force the Soviet leaders to start thinking about providing a better life for their own people rather than forcing their present way of life on others. That might shape the beginnings of the first durable peace men have ever built!"

ANOTHER HIGHLIGHT of my visit to the desert (of *course,* I sneaked in a few days at my favorite winter resort, La Quinta) was provided by George Allen, with a party for General Al Gruenther, brilliant Supreme Allied Commander of NATO. The General landed in the Presidential plane, *Columbine,* and promptly demonstrated that the cover story in that week's

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issue of *Time* did not exaggerate his passion for thorough briefing. He had a personal word for every guest at Mr. Allen's party, and an obvious knowledge of what they were up to.

When last observed General Gruenther was trying to persuade George Allen to fly to Gettysburg for a bridge session with a certain favorite opponent. "Not a chance," Mr. Allen was saying firmly. "I've got to finish the manuscript of a new book I'm writing for Simon & Schuster."

I don't know who won the argument, but I do know that George Allen was conspicuously missing from La Quinta society for the next several days.

LITERARY FOLK spotted in the desert sunshine: W. R. Burnett completing another probable book-club selection; Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz fashioning "A Bell for Adano" into a TV spectacular; Pierre Le Mure novelizing the life of Debussy; wise George Macy, of the Limited Editions Club, turning one of La Quinta's luxury bungalows into all-winter publishing headquarters.

THE NON-STOP PLANE that was to have transported me from Los Angeles to Seattle put down at the San Francisco Airport—and there it stayed. A murky fog had suddenly blanketed the entire Northwest. So instead of arriving at the Washington Athletic Club at 9 P.M. on Thursday I checked in at 1:30 P.M. on Friday.

What happened to the ladies who had come to hear me at 10:30 that morning? To my surprise and pleasure, the Club's masterful secretary, Margery Leonard, had persuaded every last one of them to listen to a talk on flower arrangement instead, disperse for luncheon, and then come back for me in the afternoon. People in those parts are not only unusually courteous and understanding, but are used to delays occasioned by intermittent drizzles and fog. One of Alexander Woollcott's most memorable stories (in "Long, Long Ago") concerns the Christmas night audience in Seattle that waited until midnight for Katharine Cornell, delayed with her company by floods, to ring up the curtain on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The final curtain did not fall until 3:45 A.M., when the exhausted players were cheered to the echo by what must have been the most wonderful audience in modern stage annals.

IN THE SEA OF FACES waiting for me in Seattle I could discover only one man —and that turned out to be Carl Wilson, dynamic director of something like 158 book departments (or is it

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"The ides of March are come."
"Ay, Caesar; but not gone."

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

"Αἱ μὲν δὴ Μάρτιαι Εἰδοὶ πάρεισιν," ὁ δὲ ἡσυχῇ πρὸς αὐτὸν εἶπεν· "Ναὶ πάρεισιν, ἀλλ' οὐ παρελήλυθασι." πρὸ μιᾶς δὲ ἡμέρας Μάρκου

—PLUTARCH's *Life of Caesar*

The opening words of the murder scene in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* are known to every schoolboy. Most people know, too, that Plutarch was Shakespeare's source for this play. But the faithfulness with which the master playwright followed the master biographer, as he does here, is more surprising.

Shakespeare selected from Plutarch to suit his own needs; but the color, the incident, the rich, full picture of the man that Plutarch painted in his *Life of Caesar* has never been surpassed in prose.

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The sample above (greatly reduced) is, of course, from Plutarch's *Life of Caesar*, but you may prefer to explore the other *Lives*, many of which have also inspired later literary greatness.

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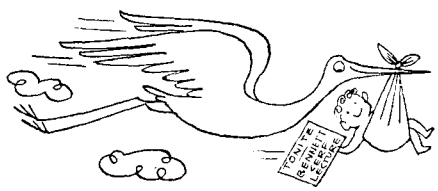
258 by now?) scattered across the country. Carl was startled, as was I, by a commotion near the back of the room just as I was trying to explain why "Andersonville," "Marjorie Morningstar," and "Ten North Frederick" were topping the fiction best-seller lists. Charlotte Paul ran up to explain the excitement before she collapsed with laughter. A member of my audience had begun giving birth to a baby and was hustled off to the nearest hospital!



On top of the long delay, this provided the icing on the cake. I had only to point out that my delivery evidently was improving and that rumor had it that lady hadn't even been pregnant when she entered the room to hear me. Everybody scattered in high good humor, and I was off with Prexy Franklin Thompson for a stimulating evening in Tacoma at the College of Puget Sound.

The next morning at eight I was aboard a plane for home.

ONE OF THE MANY off-campus activities sponsored by UCLA is a superbly run clinic staffed by top medical authorities, where the most difficult cases are brought as a matter of course from all over the Southwest.

One such patient gave the doctors a particularly hard time while I was on the Coast. A fourteen-year-old lad in San Diego was desperately ill, and only a delicate and involved operation could save his life. He was on the operating table for over seven hours while his parents paced anxiously in the corridor outside.

Then the doctors had good news for them. The operation was a complete success. Happy beyond words, the parents boarded a train home for San Diego.

Fifteen minutes later their lives were snuffed out in a disastrous wreck just outside the Los Angeles yards.

Then came the heartbreaking task of telling the fourteen-year-old convalescent of the tragedy. His reaction was spontaneous.

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—BENNETT CERF.

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The Literary Sampler

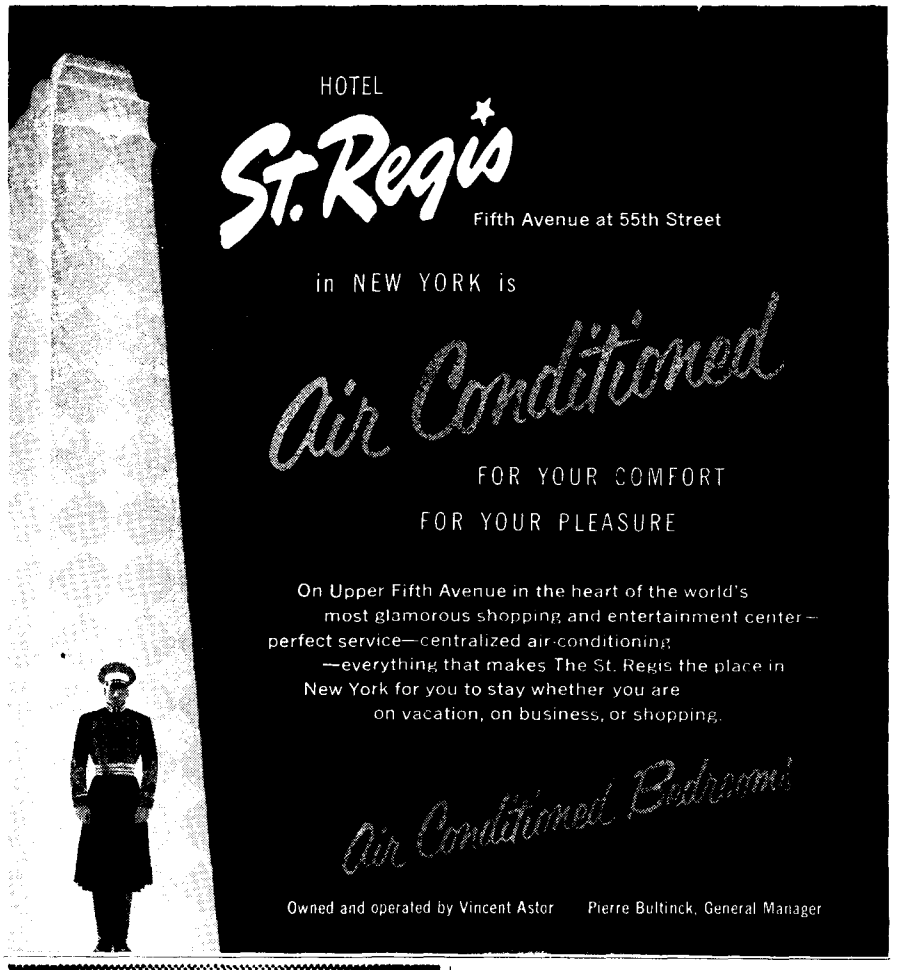
THE AGE OF CONFORMITY: *You must adjust* . . . This is the legend imprinted in every schoolbook, the invisible message on every blackboard. Our schools have become vast factories for the manufacture of robots. We no longer send our young to them primarily to be taught and given the tools of thought, no longer primarily to be informed and acquire knowledge; but to be "socialized"—which in the current semantic means to be regimented and made to conform. The modern report card reflects with horrible precision the preoccupations of our teachers and the philosophy of our educators. Today in the public schools grades are given for the "ability" of a child to "adjust" to group activities, for whether he is "liked" by others. . . .

"Must we conform?" The answer is a resounding No! No . . . not only because in the end we are creatures who cannot conform and who are destined to triumph over the forces of conformity; but No because there is an alternate way of life available to us here and now. It is the way of positive rebellion, the path of creative protest, the road of productive revolt. This is the way natural to man, the way he must and will take to achieve the values he aspires to just because he is human. By taking it man can find the future of which he dreams, the future in which he will achieve his far, high, and unforeseeable goals . . .

—From "Must You Conform?" by Robert Lindner (Rinehart).

DIPLOMACY AND DUPLICITY: "The day secrecy is abolished [diplomatic] negotiations of any kind will become impossible." This assertion is perhaps too sweeping but, as one who has had something to do with public diplomacy, I certainly recognize its force. We of the West are inclined to flatter ourselves that excessive preoccupation with what is called "face" is an Oriental characteristic. But to democratic governments, and to individual politicians who have from time to time to win elections, the importance of prestige—which is our word for "face"—is also significant. . . . Perhaps some day everyone in democracies may be so mature, so wise as to care for that truth alone; but that day is not yet. Meanwhile if diplomatic representatives are to have the freedom of maneuver which is required to bring about agreement, and if "face" is to be kept in its proper place, negotiations *in camera* are often better than those before the camera. . . .

—From "Democracy in World Politics," by Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs (Princeton University Press).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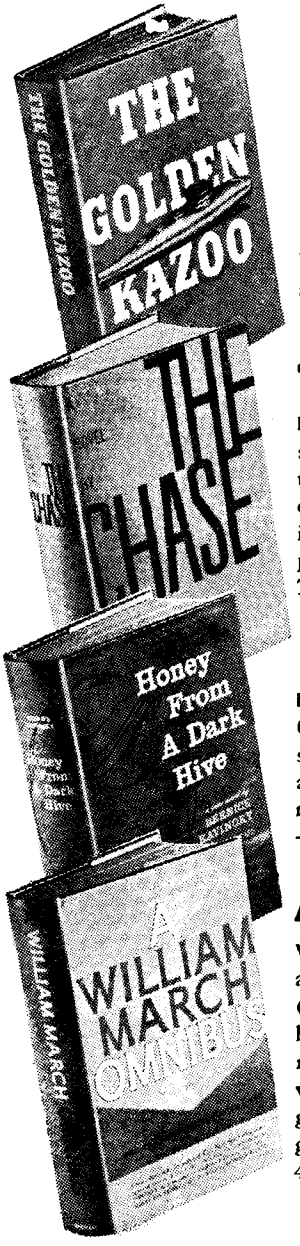

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 17, 1956

THE LANGUAGE FRONT IN CHINA

The Peking Communist Government has begun a program—among a dozen projects which they intend will totally alter the society and habits of one of the world's oldest states—to reform the speech and literature of their 600,000,000 subjects. The extent to which this reform can be exploited for indoctrination purposes is dramatized by the old pictogram Wo*—for "I"—the stylized sketch of a self-reliant man with a sword, a very un-Marxian symbol for the first-person-singular pronoun (see right). James D. White, long-time correspondent in China for the Associated Press, discusses the dimensions of this new Communist initiative.*

By JAMES D. WHITE

IF CULTURAL change denotes the progress of a revolution the Chinese Communists show signs of being completely on top of the one they have been making for the past six years. Through land distribution and now a highly stepped-up cooperative movement leading toward collectivization they have overturned the ancient pattern of Chinese farm life. Through giving women equal rights—such as they are—with men and through other less advertised assaults on the family system they have recast the pattern of Chinese society. Now they are ready to engineer another profoundly radical break—what they call the "reform" of the Chinese language.

The Communists are not the first to want to overhaul Chinese—a non-alphabetical language in a world of alphabets. They are not the first to try, nor the first to realize that the changes involved are very drastic. But they have decided to go ahead with language reform and apparently feel in a position to make it work. Much is at stake. The transition they are entering doubtless will reflect and consolidate the social and political changes they have wrought. It can seal off that part of the past they want forgotten and provide a new means of controlling the future. Under the Communists the literature of almost a fourth of the world's population naturally is different. With language reform it may become unrecognizable.

Briefly, the Communists propose to standardize spoken Chinese and simplify the written language in a direction that will lead "toward alphabetization," as Chairman Mao Tze-tung put it in a recent directive. Peking radio broadcasts have been tantalizingly uninformative as to just how and when these changes are going to be made. They readily concede the job will take years.

China has six general dialect groupings, each with up to a dozen or more distinct variations. Some, like Cantonese, are very ancient; although written with the same characters they differ from spoken Pekinese, for example, almost as much as a foreign language.

So standardizing the spoken language means, eventually, persuading the majority of 600,000,000 Chinese to speak the *Kuo Yü* (national language) or "Mandarin" variant of the Peking dialect in addition to, or in place of, their local dialect.

In the end reforming the written language involves replacing scores of thousands of characters with some sort of phonetic system. The Communists recognize that the nature of Chinese precludes going quickly to an alphabet; they are beginning instead with a "character simplification" program. This will reduce the number of strokes in about 850 key characters—enough for the simplest educational and propaganda purposes. At the same time they are launching

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a study program to simplify and standardize the vocabulary.

These steps presumably were recommended by a language reform commission appointed by the Government not long after it came to power in 1949. The report of this commission was not broadcast by Peking radio, but it did give an account of a week-long national conference on language reform held late this last October at the Academy of Sciences in Peking. This conference approved language reform and planned the program to implement Mao Tse-tung's directive.

The latest step, announced since the New Year by Peking Radio, has been the adoption of a thirty-letter alphabet for discussion and trial as a further step in the plan to change the Chinese written language." It uses the Roman alphabet except for "V" but adds five other letters, not identified, to express certain sounds more or less unique to Chinese. The broadcast claimed the new alphabet was chosen from among more than 600 submitted. It sounds superficially like the "Latinua" system of Romanization devised for Chinese by the Soviet Russians around 1930. Peking radio, saying that experimenting with the new alphabet "does not yet mean the Romanization of the Chinese written language," displayed the same caution which seemed to permeate the national conference on language reform last October.

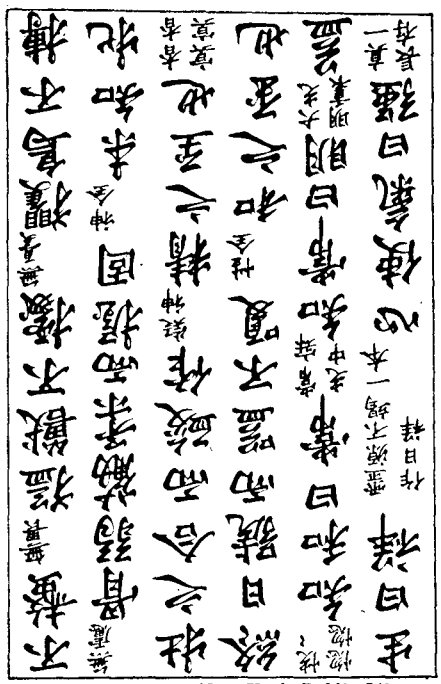
Kuo Mo-jo, president of the Academy and one of the Government's vice chairmen, outlined the reasons for reform to an assemblage of Chinese and Soviet educators, language experts, and Party officials. "The language has reached a stage where it must be reformed thoroughly. We are in the age of speed. We must move quickly in order to reach Socialism," Kuo said. He asserted that because the language is non-alphabetical it takes China two years longer to educate a student. Foreign technical terms are hard to translate. Foreigners find Chinese hard to learn. And so on.

THERE can be no argument about the need for standardizing the spoken language. None ever has been advanced, as far as I know, unless it be the implied argument of several hundred million Chinese who just have not bothered to learn Mandarin. This is now called the national language and was evolved long ago during Imperial days by candidates for official position who went to Peking to study for their civil-service examinations. From all sections of the country they developed a common tongue based on the relatively pleasant and simple Peking dialect. It became a sort of official language, but when Government functionaries took it back to their native districts it met little hospitality among local dialects. The Nationalists pushed it through the centralized educational system, and the Communists have followed suit, but Chinese still have trouble communicating with each other verbally.

Nor can there be much doubt that the Communists would find an alphabetized written language far easier to teach—and control.

And it is true that Chinese has absorbed some technical terms awkwardly because the technical basis was lacking in China to supply some of the root words. On the other hand, you have such satisfactory improvisations as *tzelaishui* or "self-arriving water" for the kind that comes through a pipe.

Comrade Kuo's concern over the rough time we foreigners have learning Chinese is only too well merited. After dabbling at Chinese for twenty years—more because I couldn't leave it alone than because of any hope of becoming literate—I suspect the trouble with us foreigners is that we got our minds rutted in alphabets very early in life and that this is the limiting factor, not the difficulty of Chinese itself. Chinese soars without reference to alphabets and bothers with phonetics only with the most disconcerting irregularity.



—*New York Public Library.*

STANDARD CHINESE: The difficulty of the Chinese (and Japanese) tongue, and the proper writing of it, is legendary. Here is a page from Lao-Tse (born about 604 B.C.), a typical specimen of classical Chinese. The language consists in thousands of characters, not governed by inflections or agglutinations in a Western sense, classified under three heads: pictograms (pictures of objects, much stylized with the passage of centuries), ideograms (composite symbols standing for abstract ideas), and phonograms (simpler representations of spoken sounds). Each character is an indivisible unit which stands for a sound and a root-idea. You read from the right, going from top to bottom.

The suspicion persists that something else is behind the Communist decision to reform the language. There are the known habits of Communists for one thing. For another there are the basic features of the language itself. Chinese is very considerably ideographic and incredibly homophonic. As foreigners think of syllables, there are less than 300 in the entire language. Any one syllable—as a foreigner hears it—can mean up to dozens of different things. In the written language these meanings are quite clear because each ideograph conveys a different idea. In the spoken language tonal differences provide most of the distinctions needed by the Chinese themselves and context does the rest. Given this situation and the confusion of dialects the Chinese bothered little with phonetics in the sense that Westerners do, and it did not occur to them until recently to break their syllable down into vowels and consonants.

Attempts to Romanize or otherwise alphabetize Chinese, therefore, have ended up as poor things indeed or so complicated they could not achieve wide use. But finally China's own language experts got interested. The Nationalist Government once promoted a phonetic system which looked vaguely like Arabic script. But it got no farther than railway signs and a few textbooks.

The conclusion drawn long ago by most (but not all) students of the language was that no practicable alphabet or phonetic system will express Chinese until the language itself is drastically changed. This the Communists now propose to do. Their program for simplifying the popular vocabulary appears to be an intensification of the *Pai Hua* (common language) movement of the 1920s and the more recent "thousand character vocabulary" devised by Dr. James Y. C. Yen for his Mass Education Movement. Yen's thousand characters, somewhat comparable with the Basic English word list, were selected primarily to teach illiterates quickly to read and write. Long before the Communists came to power they had adopted the essence of both programs. changing them where necessary to suit their own purposes of propagandistic education.

Their character simplification program—by reducing the number of

(*Continued on page* 44)

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—*From "Oscar Hammerstein I."*

Oscar Hammerstein I, at piano, surrounded by Jerome Kern, Louis A. Hirsh, A. Baldwin Sloane, Rudolf Friml, Alfred Robyn, Gustave Kerker, Dr. Hugo Felix, John Philip Sousa, Leslie Stuart, Raymond Hubbell, John L. Golden, Silvia Hein, Irving Berlin.

A KIND OF GRANDFATHER

The following memoir by Oscar Hammerstein II, the lyricist and partner of Jerome Kern and Richard Rodgers in some of the most famous and profitable theatrical enterprises of all time, forms part of the preface to Vincent Sheean's "Oscar Hammerstein I: The Life and Exploits of an Impresario," to be published by Simon and Schuster the end of April.

By OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

ON AUGUST 1, 1919, he lay unconscious on his bed in the Lenox Hill Hospital. For four, possibly five, minutes I watched him and listened to his tired breathing. Then I left the room. This was the longest time I had ever spent with him.

Outside in the hospital corridor I waited for an elevator. One came, but it was going up. A handsome, big-boned woman came out and started down the hall towards his room. Then she stopped, turned around, and addressed me. "Aren't you Oscar Hammerstein's grandson?" I said that I was. She said, "I'm his wife." I said, "How do you do?" We shook hands and smiled politely. The down-going elevator arrived to relieve my embarrassment and I left her.

I walked down Park Avenue feeling lost and unclassified. My grandfather was dying and I didn't know how I felt about it. I had no deep sorrow to give way to. I had no resentful memories of a domination from which I could now feel free. I could make no crass speculations concerning my probable inheritance in his will—I knew he was broke. I had none of the conventional thoughts or emotions of a bereaved grandson. It was an uncomfortable feeling, the more uncomfortable because in some vague way my heart had been touched, and I didn't know why.

I was twenty-four that summer. I thought back on the last time I had seen him, three years before this, almost to the day. It was in an attorney's office. I was working there during the summer to supplement my study at Columbia Law School. He was filing a petition in bankruptcy and our firm was handling it. One day I was told that my employer, Mr. Edwin Blumenstiel, wanted to see me in his room. He had a surprise for me. When I entered I saw my grandfather. He raised his eyes slowly. I felt suddenly conscious of all my defects. I had, by that time, attained my full height, six feet one-and-a-half inches, but I had only one hundred and thirty-three pounds to account for it. My complexion was as bad as a young man's complexion can be, and I needed a haircut. Mr. Blumenstiel beamed on us both and, turning to my grandfather, he said, "You know who this is, don't you?" My grandfather nodded his head solemnly. "Yes, a kind of a grandson." I grinned, and forcing as much lightness into my voice as I could, I answered, "That's right . . . a kind of a grandson." Mr. Blumenstiel, with the deflated look of a thwarted comedian, told me I could go back to work.

I could remember only one other "conversation" with him. It took place on the day of my father's funeral. I walked into one of the bedrooms in our apartment and found him alone, crumpled in a chair, his face inexpressibly sad. He looked small and beaten. This made me feel strong. Surprising myself with an unnatural valor, I walked right over to him and said, "How do you do, Grandfather?" He shook my hand limply. I sat down near him. Nothing more was said by either of us. The continued silence gave me the strange feeling that I had not come into the room at all. He seemed still to be alone. Presently my

(*Continued on page* 42)

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SR's Book of the Week:

"THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN"

Author: Charles Frankel

By BRAND BLANSHARD, *of Yale's philosophy department.*

CHARLES FRANKEL thinks that a creeping palsy has of late overtaken the liberal mind. It is a failure of faith in the traditional American creed, a failure of nerve in the face of reactionary forces and philosophies. The light of liberalism is flickering; for many it has gone out. This seems to Mr. Frankel as needless as it is tragic, and in **"The Case for Modern Man"** (Harper, $3.50) he sets out to relight the torch.

What does liberalism mean? It is a slippery term, but we can hardly do without it, for it sums up a set of convictions that hang together and form the core of an important creed. The main article in the creed is the belief in reason as sufficient to solve our problems of practice as well as theory. But there are other convictions that accompany this or follow from it. In politics the liberal believes in civil liberties, in the capacity of plain men to govern themselves, in revolution through discussion and gradual reform. In religion the liberal holds that dogma should adjust itself to the changing insights of science, that Church and State should be kept apart, that moral insight and devotion may maintain themselves in independence of any theology. The liberal in economics wants laissez-faire up to the point where exploitation begins, and from that point on he wants government control in the interest of the many. Since liberals believe in the power of reason to achieve both moral enlightenment and the conquest of nature they are optimists about progress. Their antipathies are for such people as Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Hitler, and Stalin. Their prophets are relatively prosaic people like Franklin, Mill, and Dewey.

This way of thinking is today under attack. Who are the assailants? They are legion. Mr. Frankel selects four for critical attention, each of whom launches his attack from the ground of a philosophy of history. The first is Jacques Maritain. Maritain traces our troubles to rejecting the "eternal truths" that have been given us in revelation. The liberal's attempt to arrive at such truths by his own powers has led not only to failure, but to the conviction that there are no such truths to be found, that man is the measure of all things, and that morals are a matter of taste. Here Mr. Frankel sharply dissents. He rejects as invalid the dilemma on which the authoritarian so commonly rests his case: either authority or chaos. There is an excluded middle. It does not follow that because reason cannot lay down rules that are eternal and unalterable it cannot tell the better from the worse or give us any guidance at all.

The second Apollyon in the liberal path is Reinhold Niebuhr—not the political Dr. Jekyll in that complex personality, but the theological Mr. Hyde. The great fact about man, Mr. Niebuhr believes, is his sinfulness, which reason cannot remove or correct. The normal mood of life must be anxiety, an anxiety that can be lightened only by grace from above.

Mr. Frankel will have none of this. Man will never become perfect; granted. But he can improve himself indefinitely, and what more can be asked of him? As for his submersion in original sin Mr. Frankel thinks this "a confusion between a scheme of moral values and a psychological theory"; the impulses with which we are endowed are neither good nor bad, but neutral, and can be converted with as much certainty into something noble as into something base. And for the new anxiety he has no use whatever. "To make anxiety, as Mr. Niebuhr does, the standard of normality and propriety, and to intimate that it is a path to deeper insight into the nature of things than is offered by logic or common sense, is to add a new chapter to the long sad history of man's love affair with foolishness."

The other two anti-liberals are Karl Mannheim and Arnold Toynbee. Mannheim developed a "sociology of knowledge" that made reason itself as applied to social affairs a distorting pane, flawed by the prejudices of a particular culture. Mr. Frankel shows that this theory undermines itself by making its own judgments relative and arbitrary. He is filled, like the rest of us, with admiration for the learning and ordering power of Toynbee. But he insists that a philosophy of history at least as convincing as Toynbee's could be written from a liberal and rationalist point of view.

Mr. Frankel's argument is clear, the dialectic skilful, and the writing firm. The book may be prescribed as a sure tonic for any despondent liberal.

THE AUTHOR: The constellation of American philosophers, past and present, has never been a notoriously dazzling one. But a bright new star seems to have appeared in the person of Charles Frankel. "I was born a manual idiot," Professor Frankel says of himself, which may or may not account for the fact that after taking his B.A. at Columbia College in 1937 he immediately returned to his alma mater to take graduate work and to teach. Soon, however, he became interested in social philosophy and despite his earlier supposed impracticality his study of that subject has been practical as well as theoretical. First test of this practicality: Professor Frankel served during the war as a military intelligence and military government officer on Tinian (next door to Saipan). Returning to Columbia as a professor of philosophy, he has been teaching and studying there ever since, with the exception of a year and a half in which he simultaneously held a Guggenheim Fellowship and a Fulbright Lectureship abroad.

Like other philosophers (and unlike poets and playwrights), Mr. Frankel has arrived at eminence somewhat late in life. And at forty his self-imposed label of "manual idiot" is growing ever less applicable. With his wife and two children, he lives in Rockland County, New York, and this somewhat rural existence has forced the philosopher to train himself in such household arts as mending window screens and mowing unphilosophic lawns. For the benefit of his children, he is also relearning such practical pursuits as the arts of playing baseball and football (at Columbia he *was* on the swimming team) and he has even written a juvenile book entitled very practically "The Bear and the Beaver"—a book which grew out of a bedtime story he made up for his daughter. His other enthusiasms are poetry, history, good food and wine, the last two of which he imbibes only in Epicurean moderation, as befits any athlete or writer who is also a student of philosophy. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

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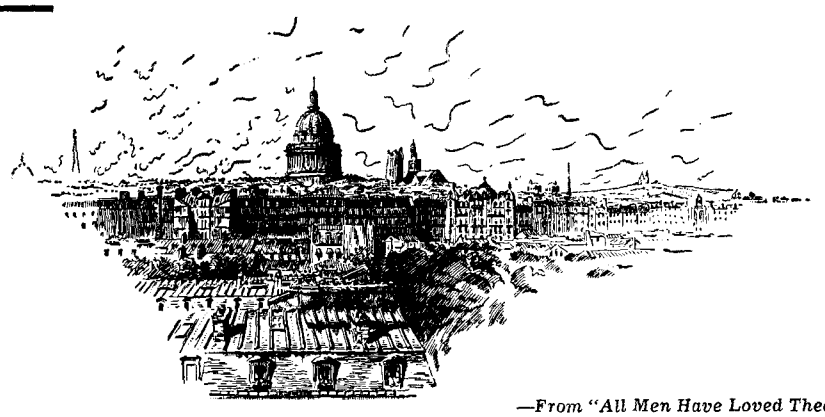
FICTION



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

". . . a Paris morning and Paris rooftops . . . the Rhine, the Lido, Mantua, Florence."

Destiny and the Self-Deceived

***"No Traveler Returns," by James Lord** (John Day. 286 pp. $3.50), is the story of a young American of wealth and social position seeking some elusive thing in the Old World.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN A NOVEL that is thematically reminiscent of Henry James's famous story "The Beast in the Jungle" James Lord has performed the difficult task of depicting a self-deceived character. With skill and subtlety he makes readers of "No Traveler Returns" at first see his unheroic hero as he sees himself, and then gradually reveals the man's true nature and destiny.

DeWitt Clinton Smith, familiarly known as D., believes, like John Marcher in James's tale, that a very special fate somewhere lies in wait for him; and, like Marcher, he ends by gazing into "the sounded void of his life," by realizing "that all the while he had waited the wait was itself his portion." In D.'s life, as in Marcher's, there is a woman who—to use James's words again—offers "him the chance to baffle his doom," but D., like Marcher, learns that one's doom is never baffled. Or it might be more accurate to say that D. learns his lesson only partially. Facing facts, he still refuses to admit their finality. Even though for one agonizing moment he has seen truth naked and nauseous, he is still capable of thinking: "Now he had understood so much that he might yet understand enough to save himself." The reader can hardly share his hope.

D. is a young American of wealth and social position who has run away from his heritage in the conviction that he is fated to fulfill his destiny in Europe. He tells himself that what he is seeking is love. But there is no chance of his ever finding it, for he has no love to give. His relations with other persons are important to him only in so far as they affect himself: his egotism is absolute, his emptiness complete.

Mr. Lord has drawn D.'s likeness with understanding and art; and, in their varying degrees of importance, the three women on whom his egotism feeds all come alive in the novel's pages. Vital, too, is the character of Prince, a homosexual with peculiarly irritating mannerisms. But the character of Dr. Pinchard, the sage of Quimper and D.'s father confessor, is less clear, less satisfactory, even baffling. Just what the author meant to say of him, or through him, I am not yet sure.

Most impressive, perhaps, is Mr. Lord's ability to paint the scenes through which D. moves in his vain quest. They are evoked with exceptional vividness by a truly pictorial pen. A snowy carnival in Bâle, a Paris morning and Paris rooftops, sunrise over the Rhine, a flower shop, the Lido, Mantua, Florence—"Florence lay like a dog asleep in the midday sun, with the people like sleepy flies moving around the immortal landmarks of its anatomy"—these are a few of the subjects that test and prove the painter's mastery. Occasionally there is a straining after verbal effects, even a straining that makes one wince, but only occasionally.

If this is a first novel, as it appears to be, it is a first novel of unusual distinction.

Unadorned Arthur

***"The Great Captains," by Henry Treece** (Random House. 302 pp. $3.75), is a story of Britain in the fifth century, after the withdrawal of the Romans when an unromanticized King Arthur held an uncertain sway.*

By Edmund Fuller

A COUPLE of seasons ago, in "The Dark Island," Henry Treece gave us a memorable picture of primitive Britain, when Belgic tribes were resisting vainly the Roman conquest mounted by Claudius. Now, in "The Great Captains," a grimly powerful, barbaric, and compelling book of fully equal or possibly greater merit, he opens to our gaze the somber wilderness of fifth-century Britain, reconstructing for us, so far as a man can do, the unromanticized primeval source of the Arthurian legend.

This is terrain that Tennyson never trod; a landscape, both in the literal and psychological sense, to call up a desolate, keening, incidental music. It is a kind of *Ur-Arthur* whom we encounter, scarcely any recognizable kin to the chivalric figure of the Table Round, all of which elements were romantic accretions having their merest beginnings some 600 years later.

Rome, politically and militarily decadent although stirring with new religious vigor, has withdrawn the last vestiges of control or garrison from this tenuously held island outpost. The roads and forts, like the law and the peace of Rome, are in ruins on the isle. The tribes have retreated into their separateness and the Saxons are nibbling relentlessly at the shores.

Aged Ambrosius, with the almost empty title of Count of Britain, with his ambitious and treacherous adopted son, Medrodus, makes his way to the camp of the western chieftain, Uther Pendragon. His hope of a collaborating council is not to be realized. The rude son of Uther, Artos the Bear, abruptly usurps the sword and title of Count of Britain. The thwarted Medrodus, biding his day, swears a blood brotherhood with Artos, becoming Medrawt (Arthur and Mordred).

The band calling themselves the Cymry ride forth, with Artos's most trusted friends, Cei (Kay) and Bedwyr (Bedivere). They go to a destiny, for the tribal kings of west Britain and the middle lands reluctantly appoint Artos *dux bellorum*, captain of battles, against the com-

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mon Saxon foe. It is in this capacity that he fights his epic and triumphant sequence of engagements which have remained in the memory of legend.

The shadows of other familiar names are in these pages. There is the first Gwenhwyfar, the golden one beloved of Artos, with whom he had violated a taboo, for she was a daughter of Uther. There is a second to whom he gives that name, and who betrays him; and there is yet a third person to wear it fleetingly. From these is the later Guinevere compounded.

A feeble and confused Christianity is dimly a part of the consciousness of Artos, commingled with tribal superstitions. Over the person of Medrawt there hovers the cryptic and mystical vision (never more) of the powerful priest of the Old Ones, Merddin (a prefiguring of Merlin), by whom, indeed, Medrawt is possessed in an evil time.

Mr. Treece has achieved a dazzling projection of an age so remote in time and concept that Trevelyan calls it "a great darkness," a "blank page" in history. Within this difficult context, Treece has drawn portraits of remarkable depth and subtlety, especially Artos and Medrawt. I find "The Great Captains" a richly exciting and provocative novel.

—*Culver.*

THE BEST-KNOWN KING ARTHUR, unlike the "Ur-Arthur" to be found in Mr. Treece's book (above), was depicted in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" as a personification of medieval chivalry who kept court at Camelot and held sway over the highly idealized knights of the Round Table. But the legend of Arthur actually goes back to 600 A.D., when what is believed to be the earliest reference to him was included in the Welsh poem "Gododdin." Later his legend spread throughout Europe, gradually encompassing the legends of "Parsifal" and "Tristan" in Germany before taking firm hold in English literature.

Pub-Crawl to Crown

"Harry of Monmouth," by A. M. Maughan *(William Sloane. 500 pp. $4.50), is a story of Henry V as riotous and dissolute prince and as admirable king of England.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

MISS A. M. MAUGHAN'S highly readable "Harry of Monmouth" poses an interesting question. How factually accurate must a writer of historical fiction be? The corollary is equally interesting. How familiar with the *minutiae* of the period must the reviewer be in order to pass useful judgment?

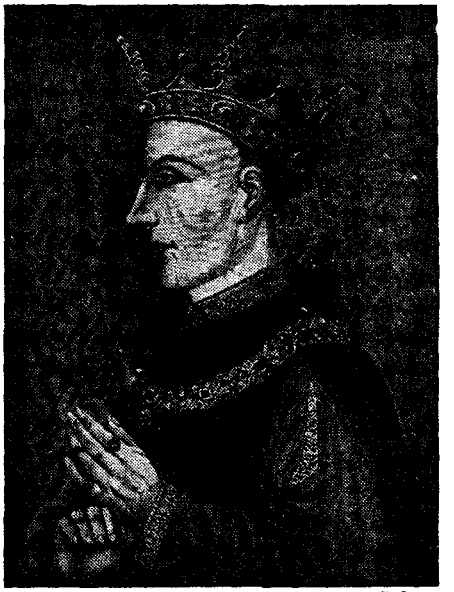
I bring this up because I am not a specialist in Lancastrian England, but one who is insists to me that the novel has a number of inaccuracies. Thomas Beaufort, for example, is always referred to as Dorset, but he was really the Duke of Exeter. (As I look it up, Beaufort did indeed become the Duke of Exter, and is called Exeter by Shakespeare; but he was not given this title until 1416, and before that is called the Earl of Dorset by both C. L. Kingsford and Philip Lindsay, his biographers.) The ballad "Greensleeves," of which so much is made, belonged to the sixteenth, not the fifteenth, century. (It is a matter of record that at least it was not published until 1580 or perhaps 1566.) It is inconsistent with known fact to paint Harry (King Henry V) as a constant lover, devoted only to Katherine of Valois—when actually he loved many women—and bargained for her like a shrewd tradesman. (This is certainly the way the story appears in Agnes Strickland and others; and yet Lindsay says: "He was now thirty-two, and except for his wild youth he had been utterly chaste in his living. Perhaps Katherine had come to mean a symbol to him, and probably he was in love with her as an image of France long before they met.")

But to me the important thing is not whether the inaccuracies do or do not exist, but whether an author can take a legendary or traditional interpretation (or even a plausible one) and deal with it as if it were true.

The traditional Harry—and as such he is made famous by the playwright of the Globe Theatre—is a riotous and dissolute young man (some modern historians consider that this rests on "doubtful authority" and perhaps was created by "prejudiced religious controversialists") who moved from his riotous friendship with Falstaff into becoming a great, eloquent, nationalist, patriot king and successful warrior. Miss Maughan makes him a "tavern crawler" too, and then transmutes him into the same admirable monarch.

If she has a right to do this—and I think she has—then she has done so superbly. From the frustrations of his boyhood when he sees his father exiled, through the disillusions of his youth when those whom he most admires are against him, on to his days of London revelry, and finally into his single-minded devotion to a kingship he hates and which he thinks comes to him through blood guilt, he is portrayed convincingly, with logic, and with unerring psychological acumen.

But it is not merely Harry who is well set down. The events are written excellently too. I take the Agincourt campaign as an example. From the swamps before Harfleur through the rainy march across Picardy and up to the great victory, upon St. Crispin's Day, we can see, smell, and feel the agony of warfare which not even the incredible triumph can eradicate from the minds of those who took part in it. It is "war correspondence" of a high order. It is like something that happened yesterday or today.



—*Culver.*

THE BEST-KNOWN HENRY V was celebrated by Shakespeare's tragedy of that name as a lively young fellow whose recklessness led him to frequent taverns and to consort with such rowdies as the Shakespearean conception of Falstaff. In this interpretation Miss Maughan's book (above) concurs. But actually historians are more inclined to agree that Shakespeare exaggerated the exuberant side of his hero's nature. In reality, Henry V quieted down in his mature years and ruled England with an industry that developed civil order and a high spirit of nationalism among his subjects.

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Subterranean Sin

"A Perfect Woman," by L. P. Hartley (Alfred A. Knopf. 363 pp. $3.95), is an ironic tale of restiveness simmering beneath apparently composed middle-class English life.

By Walter Havighurst

TWO years ago in "The Go-Between" American readers discovered the gifts of L. P. Hartley—his subdued yet lyrical feeling, his purity of style, his deft portrayal of English manners, and his quietly brooding insight into the vexed mind of childhood. Now in "A Perfect Woman" they may discover his ironic understanding of the restiveness beneath the composed surface of middle-class English life.

When Harold Eastwood, on a train from Bath to London, found himself traveling with a careless stranger there began a tightening web of relationships. Alec Goodrich, novelist, needed a man to handle his account books, and Harold was glad to have a new client. Until then the two currents in Harold's nature, professional and private, had flowed side by side without mixing. But soon Alec was a house guest at Marshport, and Harold, in turn, visited the novelist's untidy household in Wales. Isabel Eastwood, discovering an impatience with her proper and humorless husband, found herself increasingly attracted to the man who belonged to another and freer world than hers.

The story moves slowly as an incoming tide in the Thames, and as steadily. It picks up other people—a piquant barmaid in Marshport and her rustic admirer Otto Killian, and the faithful Elspeth who for eighteen years has been Alec's mistress. It brings Alec back again to Marshport, to pursue the barmaid and to settle for an alliance with Isabel while her proper husband makes a conquest of the maid. By this time it is a badly mixed-up set of people, and the novel looks at them in turn with amused and urbane understanding.

How this complication can be resolved a reader wonders, not expecting the violence that takes the life of Alec and the maid and puts Elspeth on the witness stand. The violence seems out of key in this comedy of manners, a heavy note in Mr. Hartley's lightly handled irony. But it effectively ends the tangle and leaves the Eastwoods happily restored to each other. It allows Isabel, the perfect woman, to conclude: "How beautifully we have all behaved." A culminating irony is provided by Alec Goodrich's posthumous novel, which mirrors his experience with these people and which a London reviewer finds to be "a work which throbs with sympathy for our human condition."

At the end Isabel Eastwood settles back into the snug world out of which she had ventured. "Everyone must be forgiven, everyone, starting and finishing with herself." So the extended irony is rounded off in this urbane comedy where none of the characters is quite so real as are all their gestures and inflections.

—*Pearl Freeman*

L. P. Hartley—"lyrical feeling."

Notes

NEUROTIC PEOPLE: There is scarcely a suffering character in Caroline Gordon's **"The Malefactors"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) who is not deeply neurotic. The time is about 1946, and Thomas Crenfew Claiborne, forty-eight, and his well-to-do wife, Vera, have returned from France to live in a large Pennsylvania Dutch house. Tom is a poet who is going through a dry period which he finds frustrating. ("I've been dead myself for seven years," he says.) Vera turns her attention to animal husbandry, and in her chapters there is quite a bit about the artificial insemination of cows, which seems to be a highly controversial subject. But the cows' troubles are as nothing compared to the troubles of Miss Gordon's human characters. The Claibornes had a set of very odd friends in France, and we meet them all here—homosexuals, religious fanatics, a mad painter, and several just plain borderline cases. As a result the lines of Tom's love life tangle and Vera tries suicide before things are finally worked out and Tom turns to Roman Catholicism. As a picture of sick intellectuals "The Malefactors" is indeed a bitter dose and, despite some spots of excellent writing, one is inclined to agree with Tom Claiborne when he finally says, "I'm tired of incest." "So am I," is the reply. "I feel about it just the way Mrs. Hibben did at Princeton. She said it made her nervous."

—ROSEMARY G. BENÉT.

HILL-BILLY TAKES A JOURNEY: A new name, that of Borden Deal, adds itself to the lengthening roll of those holding the twisted, artistic mirror up to the Deep South. Mr. Deal, whose first novel, **"Walk Through the Valley"** (Scribner's, $3.50), has just been published, is by Thomas Wolfe out of Flannery O'Connor. His poor-white protagonist (type: cotton-country, hill-billy farmer of the Bible Belt) checks into the promised land Tuxahatchie Valley), strikes at the rock a couple of times, then raises his tear-dimmed eyes unto them thar eroded hills, and decides to go home again. As a novel this one could be passed off as a Kenyonized counterpointing of the old themes except for a haunting quality that is not simply a conjuring of the old tunes. The great merit of Mr. Deal's book, however, owes little to any quality of verisimilitude, and it would be as unjust to object here to the villain's unrelieved villainy as it would be to protest against a silhouette's being a combination of all black and all white. (There is, in fact, a great deal of the silhouette quality in "Walk Through the Valley." The resolution of the Ahab-whale problem, between a colored boy and the master who won him in a crap game, for example, is clipped out like a silhouette.) But when Mr. Deal weathers enough to look steadily at the rich and the powerful who trouble him, so that he can show them some of the loving kindness and mercy he already harbors for the weak ones, he may then fear and see less evil—and he may then turn out to be a major novelist.

—JOHN COOK WYLLIE.

LUCKLESS TEN: In an ambitious novel, **"They Fell from God's Hands"** (translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury; Dutton, $4.95), Hans Werner Richter tells the stories of no less than a half-score of

(*Continued on page 43*)

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365 Days of Fate

***"What a Year!" by Joe Alex Morris** (Harper. 338 pp. $3.95), is an account of what happened in the U. S. during 1929 in the fields of politics, entertainment, agriculture, sports—and business.*

By Raymond Walters, Jr.

"WATERSHED" is the word historians delight in pinning onto certain years that seem to divide the flow of human affairs. If any year in our own times deserves the appellation it is 1929; for there is scarcely a man, woman, or child alive in the United States today whose destiny has not been materially affected by what occurred in the 365 days between Roy Riegels's sixty-yard wrong-way dash in a Rose Bowl game and Ely and Josephine Culbertson's victories in a bridge marathon at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Now, twenty-seven years later, Joe Alex Morris has given us a full account of the extraordinary twelvemonth in a thoughtful and constantly absorbing book bearing the ambiguous title "What a Year!"

It is easy to underestimate Mr. Morris's achievement. All that a writer of historical journalism need have, you might suppose, are a birth so dated that he lived through the period, a retentive memory, and access to a well-stocked library. Thanks to the labors of the late Frederick Lewis Allen, Lloyd Morris, and other Herodotuses of our recent past, numerous models are available, to show how accounts of Harlem dance derbies, forty-eight-hour transcontinental airplane flights, and fluctuations of the stock ticker may be juxtaposed to afford meaning along with entertainment.

But few of Mr. Morris's predecessors have confined their histories to a single year. Recently [*SR*, Feb. 18] the uncommonly gifted Raymond Postgate demonstrated in "The Story of a Year: 1848" the pitfalls that await an historian content to set down events chronologically, as they happened, without pattern or purpose.

Mr. Morris has tried to avoid these pitfalls by constructing his book ingeniously, devoting one chapter to each month of the year, with each month representing one phase of human activity: politics, show business, journalism and literature, agriculture, business. Knowing that nothing interests a human more than another human, he prefaces each chapter with a biographical sketch of a man prominent in the phase-of-the-month, a man whose career had reached a turning-point in A.D. 1929. For politics there is New York's James J. Hines, for Prohibition there is Bishop James Cannon, Jr., for the printed word Alexander Woollcott, for labor John L. Lewis. To provide that additional dimension which the fact-bound historian cannot give but the fiction writer can there are occasional interpolations of imagined scenes and episodes.

Mr. Morris's intricate design is not entirely successful. His fictional asides hardly seem worth the effort. His biographical sketches are crisp and fascinating, but his selections for men-of-the-month are not always happy: in an effort to find personalities whose names are more than faded memories today he has settled on a number (Bing Crosby, Babe Ruth, Dwight D. Eisenhower) who were scarcely pivotal in 1929. And in order to give full meaning to his accounts of big business and show business, of foreign relations and labor, he has had to hop around not only through all twelve months of 1929, but through all the years from World War I to the Cold War.

Nevertheless, the story Mr. Morris has to tell is so interesting and his talent for reporting so professional that not many readers are going to be fazed by the shortcomings of his book's architecture. Citizens on the far side of fifty will revel in the nostalgic binge he offers through his memories of what to many was the most wonderful year of their lives: his talk of Maryland's Panther Whisky and Philadelphia's Soda Moon Pop; of H. L. Mencken inveighing against the booboisie; of Einstein's

Several newcomers to Broadway made a hit in "The Little Show" of 1929, including torch-singer Libby Holman shown here in "Moanin' Low" number with Clifton Webb.

—Illustration's from "What a Year!"

Jimmy Walker tied knot for Billy Rose, Fannie Brice as latter's mother beamed.

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theory of relativity being sprung on a naive but eager nation; of Clara Bow giving exciting embodiment to what had been a vague neuter pronoun. Readers who have yet to see twenty-five will be fascinated by his glimpses into a strange, mixed-up, wonderful age, when there were romantic places like speakeasies to be hunted out, dashing literary men like F. Scott Fitzgerald were at large, weird knee-length skirts, flat silhouettes, and dropped waistlines were *à la mode*; and there was no atom bomb, no ICBM, no evil men in the Kremlin to worry about. For the generation in between, the men and women whose careers were bruised by the Depression, Mr. Morris's 1929 will be equally intriguing but less delightful, with its conception of liberalism as simply opposition to Prohibition; with its studied neglect of our farmers, and for that matter anyone beyond our shores; with its refusal to do anything to check the speculative orgy.

Apparently Mr. Morris belongs to the middle years, because in his closing chapters he draws liberally on John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Great Crash—1929" to provide parallels between the economic situation eleven years after the end of World War I and eleven years after the end of World War II. "The changes that have taken place . . . have been tremendous and will tremendously influence the future . . ." he acknowledges. But "nobody could know how well or how poorly these changes will serve to protect [us] until the next emergency, whatever or whenever it might be."

British Prime Minister J. Ramsey MacDonald, daughter on official visit to U.S.

"Whiskey Doin's" in the Far West

***"The Cocktail Hour in Jackson Hole," by Donald Hough** (W. W. Norton. 253 pp. $3.50), traces a peculiarly American institution back to what the book's author says are its origins, in West-of-the-Missouri country. Lucius Beebe, editor and co-proprietor of the Virginia City, Nevada,* Territorial Enterprise, *reviews it below.*

By Lucius Beebe

SOME years ago, before the present reviewer had permanently settled in what we may agree to call The Far West, he was casing the scene from the vantage point of its better saloons and chanced to find himself in the downstairs bar of the Starter Hotel in Durango, a Colorado outpost of civilization almost as far away from the Ship Bar in the Brown Palace in Denver as it is possible to get without actually entering Utah. As he and a companion were making up their minds the premises were entered by three authentic waddies. No doubt about it, the McCoy. Their Levis were shrunk on them, their Stetsons encrusted with alkali. "Let us delay our decision," said my companion "and see what the natives drink. I would not wish to make a social mistake. Doubtless they take straight Jack Daniels in fire buckets."

The leading cowpoke strode manfully to the bar and spoke for his associates in tones of manly resolution. "Make it three Pink Ladies," he said, "the way they make them in the Stork Club, New York, New York."

This homely anecdote is more or less the thesis of "The Cocktail Hour in Jackson Hole." It is Donald Hough's pleasant notion that the cocktail hour is an institution of strictly Western origin, having had its beginnings in Abilene or Deadwood or Cheyenne or in any event somewhere in the Benny De Voto territory the far side of the wide Missouri. The Jackson Hole cocktail hour is merely an improvement lasting as it does not from teatime until dinner, but for months on end, a period of libation and prayer of an extent and duration worthy of the region where Mr. Hough says it had its inception.

"The Cocktail Hour at Jackson Hole," while based on the observance of the universal ritual of the mahogany as practised in this specially favored community, is actually a study of the impact of the dude on the American West and an essay on the folklore and customs of a part of the West periodically exposed to the culture of New York, Brookline, and Atlanta. For half the year Jackson Hole, like Cody, Wyoming; Virginia City, Nevada, and the Mother Lode towns of Northern California, makes a living off visitors from the East and other less-enlightened regions by acting as the tourists want it to act, which is mostly up. If the solvent visitors want the West to be a synthesis of whisky doin's, roulette, and strong and at least partly silent men on horseback, the customer can't be wrong and the natives aim to please. The rest of the year they live their own lives, and it is illuminating to discover that these are almost precisely the same as their conduct when the dudes are around. The differences are microscopic and in the case of Jackson Hole almost entirely conditioned by the subarctic temperatures to which Wyoming is subjected in winter.

To a resident, as is the reviewer, of Virginia City this is reassuring indeed. It is all too easy for the Comstocker, indoctrinated in the year-round tumults of the world's most animated ghost town, to imagine that the round-the-clock romin' and stompin' in the Delta and Sazarac, the ceaseless 21 games, the bitching, complaining, and feuding of the smallest sort of community are part of a special pattern indigenous to Nevada alone and unknown elsewhere on God's green footstool. Such is not the case. Life in Jackson Hole is poured from the identical mold.

Mr. Hough's mellow commentary on the West that has laid aside its shooting irons but almost no other properties, tangible or otherwise, of the frontier and whose hitch-rack way of life laughs hilariously at the jet age is admirable reading, fit bookshelf companion in lighter mood to Benny De Voto, Stewart Holbrook, and David Lavender. Whether or not the cocktail hour had its true beginnings in the West may be debatable, but only a churl will deny that Mr. Hough depicts the institution itself as well as its implications of civilization in a manner fetching in the extreme and sure to raise rents in Jackson Hole.

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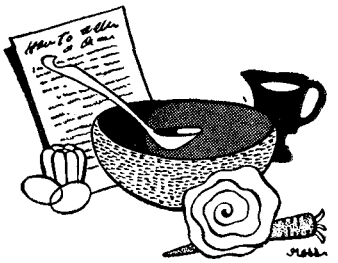
Adopted Sons

"Americans By Choice," by Angelo M. Pellegrini *(Macmillan. 240 pp. $3.50), is a gallery of portraits of Italians who have adopted the Pacific Coast as their home. P. M. Pasinetti, our reviewer, is a native of Venice who teaches at UCLA.*

By P. M. Pasinetti

ANGELO Pellegrini, the Tuscan from the Pacific Northwest, is a happy example of the well-adjusted immigrant. Any unbearable longing he may have felt for the country which he left around the time of the First World War he eliminated by going there after the Second, and drawing from his visit the conclusion that his real "birth" had not taken place in his Tuscan village, but later, at the age of nine, when he came to America. He dedicated to that experience a book, "Immigrant's Return," which suffered, I thought, from two main causes: 1) that given this particular immigrant's premises his reactions in Italy were something of a foregone conclusion; and 2) that the author's stay in Italy was too brief and therefore his journalistic notations on that country, an "old country" practically new to him, were by no means as deep and reliable as they might have become.

His new book, "Americans by Choice," is much better. It is a very pleasant, friendly, and informative account of the American careers of six Italian immigrants. The portrait of the author's mother, which opens the series, is moving and unforgettable in its unadorned clarity. Part of our interest is also "historical"; the author is intimately acquainted with a type of immigration which no longer exists and will never, of course, be possible again; his social and psychological observations are exact and interesting, and he can allow himself to couch them in the casual manner of one who



knows his subject intimately, who is, in fact, a lively and intelligent part of it. To mention one piece of evidence, he has a perfect sense for the accent and pace of dialogue and generally the spoken phrase (also, by the way, when his characters speak Italian). I don't know a writer who is more successful in putting his finger on some of the workings of the Italian-American mind, both individually and socially; and his examples have the added advantage of being rather unconventional, taken as they are from the relatively less explored Western scene. The section on Louis Martini, "dean of winegrowers," is possibly the *pièce de resistance* of the book. The one on a man whose *nom d'art* was Guido Sella may read partly as the picture treatment of a bootlegger story, but the background provided by Pellegrini adds to it an unusual truthfulness and depth.

A critic in search of "imagery" would find that the main item in the book is Food & Drink. There, at the sharing of the bread and the wine (and of much else) his various characters—the workingmen, the winegrowers, the mothers—find their gathering point. The main theme of the book is abundance conquered through hard toil and a certain basic gladness of heart. A lovingly prepared meal is also, it seems to me, a good symbol of the handmade as against the prefabricated, with all that that involves as a view of life: the idea applies to the general notion of work, of human achievement, that emerges from these stories. Mr. Pellegrini, from all evidence, must also be a cook of considerable merit; his descriptions of symposia have a technical concreteness; and they do constitute a kind of *Leitmotiv* with variations running through his pages. At one point he mentioned so effectively the experience of a certain wine which we did not know that we went out to get some, and finished the book drinking it.

This is evidently not the last that Angelo Pellegrini is going to write. It is difficult to predict what form and direction he may choose (Fiction? A larger and deeper book on Italy when he goes there to spend a year or two?); but at any rate, sustained by Zinfandel in our anticipations, we do feel he has not yet written his best.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1146)

HELMER O. OLESON:
PAST AND PRESENT

There was a day when I was not alive
And Time, that Spider, had not yet begun
To spin my web. I was oblivion
While others lived who do not now survive. . . .
Who rode the juggernaut of history . . .
Before I joined life's throng? . . .
Which dream is real? The fading past, or Now?

Native Sons

"The Boys and Their Mother," by Keith Jennison *(Viking Press. 127 pp. $2.75), is a collection of anecdotes about life in USA today as it is lived by two boys and their parents.*

By Bradford Smith

KEITH JENNISON'S little book "The Boys and Their Mother" is a collection of brief anecdotes of family life, held together with a series of dialogues between the man and his wife. The dialogues are there primarily to set the scene for the incidents which follow, and compared with the incidents, some of which are gems, they don't do too well.

But the meat of the book is in the homely events of family life—teaching the boys the value of money (they learned more than anyone expected), an emergency appendectomy, moving into a matchbox of an old house, inculcating a love of literature in the boys, acquiring a dog, dealing with baby sitters. This last item provides a good example of the kind of social observation which makes Mr. Jennison's book a mirror of American life certain to be precious to some future anthropologist:

> . . . That was the last sitter we ever had. The next development involved some complicated chicanery in which we paid the boys for sitting with themselves.
>
> Finally the time came when our friends would pay the boys more for sitting with their children than we paid them for sitting with themselves.

Would this make sense, even today, anywhere outside the USA?

Mr. Jennison's type of humor is well larded with schmaltz, and the special charm of it is the way it can look at the little monsters as they clutter up the house, evade their household tasks, or embarrass their parents, and yet by turning the point of view ever so little discover in them paragons of all the cardinal virtues—generosity, thoughtfulness, reliability.

Essentially, then, Mr. Jennison stands in the place all parents occupy —constantly irritated by the brilliance their offspring show in evading responsibility from day to day, yet proud and somewhat amazed by their response to a crisis. This is a good book for parents who despair of ever changing the little monsters into human beings. It will also make you laugh aloud.

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Asia's Last Call to the West

***"The Color Curtain," by Richard Wright** (World. 221 pp. $3.75), and **"The Asian-African Conference," by George McTurnan Kahin** (Cornell University Press. 88 pp. $2), are reports by a novelist and a political scientist on what happened at Bandung last April. Homer A. Jack, who reviews it here, attended the Conference.*

By Homer A. Jack

A CONFERENCE was called for the underdogs of the human race: "the despised, the insulted, the hurt, the dispossessed." It was the kind of meeting that "no anthropologist, no sociologist, no political scientist would ever have dreamed of staging." There was something "extra-political, extra-social, almost extra-human about it; it smacked of tidal waves, of natural forces. . . ." Thus Richard Wright, the American Negro novelist, felt he "had to go" to the Asian-African Conference in Bandung, Indonesia, last April —as did James Michener, Vincent Sheean, Norman Cousins, Raymond Swing, Adam Clayton Powell, and a host of unofficial American observers.

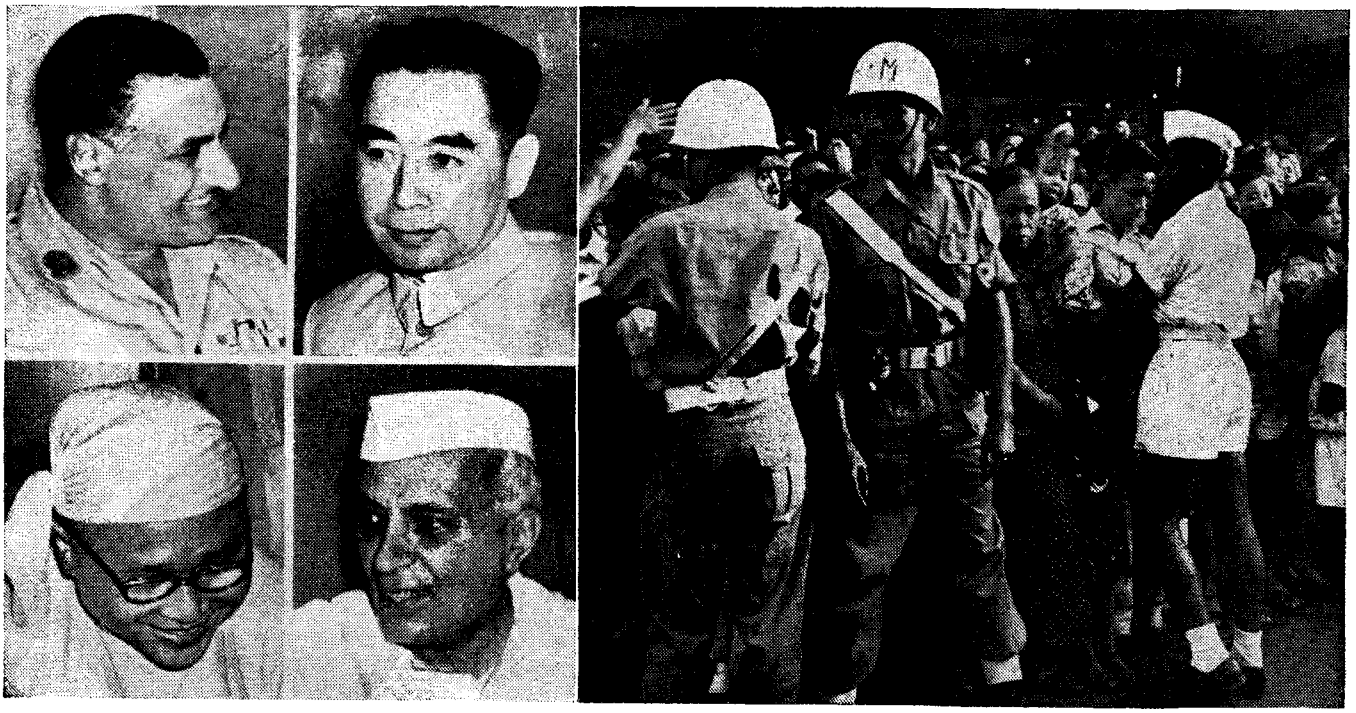
Mr. Wright hadn't been Bandung-bound long before he told himself: "There's gonna be a hot time in old Bandung." There was. However, there was no color curtain for him to penetrate. Black boy and native son belatedly found himself "a member of the master race"! Asians expressed to him their deepest hopes and hates without reserve. He was surprised to find that "many Asians hated the West with an absoluteness that no American Negro could ever muster." He was surprised to find "how emotionally charged the Asian really was." Wright himself was emotionally charged at Bandung. He feels, thinks, and even writes with his skin—and that is the strength of his book, "The Color Curtain."

Leaders of twenty-nine nations representing almost two-thirds of the peoples of the world gathered at Bandung. The West feared the Conference and the Asian leaders underestimated it. John Foster Dulles set the American tone by calling it the "so-called Afro-Asian Conference" and most American journalists went to Bandung as if covering an Oriental tag-match at Madison Square Garden. But something happened in that mountain city which exceeded even the dreams of the host countries. A unity was forged above differences in geography, culture, ideology, and government. This may have been due to the expression of two powerful urges among the community of the hurt: race and religion.

At Bandung ex-Comrade Wright stalked Comrade Chou En-lai. He—and others—found the Chinese Communist leader to be strangely cooperative, almost shy and coy. Chou shrewdly perceived that a gap of religion separated his nation from most at the Conference. But time could heal that gap and time was what he had plenty of. Thus Wright concluded that "Brother Chou was most anxious to join this Asian-African church and was willing to pay for his membership." This price was kind of an unwritten nonagression pact with his neighbors.

Thus the victory of Bandung was not so much that of China as of the five Columbo powers which called the Conference: Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, and Pakistan. If Sastro-amidjojo of Indonesia proposed the Conference, it was the fulfilment of the longtime dream of Nehru of India. He was the architect of Bandung. Through patience Nehru forged Asian-African unity. What the twenty-nine nations lacked in technical and military strength was compensated for in sheer numbers—a billion and one-half people, the majority of humanity.

WHAT does Bandung mean to Americans? Richard Wright feels that it was "the last call of Westernized



—*Wide World.*

Nasser, Chou En-Lai, U Nu, Nehru, and the populace pushing and shoving to see these star performers at Bandung.

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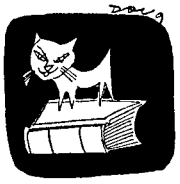
Asians to the moral conscience of the West." The Conference communique has accents of Western morality and was even written in a Western language—English. The West is being asked to dismiss its colonial and racist ways—everywhere, but especially in Africa—and to help the Asian-African countries industrialize, modernize, even Westernize, but without political strings. This is admittedly a big task for the West—morally, politically, even economically—and economic aid alone would dwarf America's Marshall Plan at its peak. If the West fails to react to this plea, or reacts too slowly, certainly a second or third Asian-African conference will make quite a different appeal. And Chou En-lai will be there, "waiting, patient, with no record of racial practices behind him."

Professor George McTurnan Kahin, Cornell political scientist and authority on Indonesia, has written an entirely different kind of volume on "The Asian-African Conference." It is a thirty-eight-page essay plus the texts of several Conference addresses and the final communique. Although purportedly a description of the whole Conference this essay is chiefly a study of the role of Communist China (and thus of Chou En-lai) at Bandung. The author feels that one basic, if unspoken, motivation for holding the Conference was to define China's relation with the rest of Asia and the world. Through the diplomacy of Nehru as much as of Chou En-lai, China "moved closer to most of the rest of Asia."

Both Wright and Kahin contribute important insights to the meaning of the Bandung Conference; so does Chester Bowles in his "New Dimensions of Peace." The full story of Bandung has yet to be written; indeed, it is still unfolding in Cairo, Moscow, New Delhi, Bangkok, Peking—and Washington.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

KITTY, KITTY!

The stealthy critter that lent its feet to Mr. Sandburg's Chicago fog has crept or clawed its way into much of our literature. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, offers an assortment of belles-littered cats and asks you to identify the works in which they appeared and to name the authors of those works. Name six or fewer and you're an ordinary mewer, seven or eight of these and you're a real Siamese, nine or the entire version and you're a Grade A Persian. Angoras on page 43.

1. Bustopher Jones is *not* skin and bones—
   In fact, he's remarkably fat.

2. The teares down hailéd,
   But nothing it availéd
   To call Philip again,
   Whom Gib, our cat, hath slain.

3. "He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
   Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

4. Cat, if you go outdoors you must walk in the snow.
   You will come back with little white shoes on your feet.

5. My neele, alas! Ich lost it, Hodge, what time ich me vphasted
   To saue the milke set vp for the, which Gib our cat hath wasted.

6. A little cat played on a silver flute,
   And a big cat sat and listened.

7. I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
   Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

8. A speckled cat and a tame hare
   Sat at my hearthstone.

9. Cat! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,
   How many rats and mice hast in thy days
   Destroy'd?

10. We have cats the way most people have mice.

Land of Nothing

"One Man's Africa," by John Seymour *(John Day. 255 pp. $4), offers the reminiscences and observations of a Briton who spent a number of years in Africa, especially South Africa, two decades ago. Here it is reviewed by Stuart Cloete, author of "The African Giant" and other books.*

By Stuart Cloete

I DO not know how most reviewers review books. My plan is to read the book quickly, mark everything of interest, and then go back and deal with the marked pages. This is a fine plan but it has not worked with John Seymour's "One Man's Africa." Almost every page is marked. I must be his "one man" because his "Africa" is mine. He brings it all back so that looking out of my window I don't see Gramercy Park. I see the Karoo—an area of five hundred miles by five hundred, covered by little bushes, or should I say shrubs, about twelve inches high. The little bushes look much alike. They are a uniform dusty grayish green and they cover enormous dead flat plains and the abrupt rocky flat-topped hills alike. There are no trees over most of the area. There are no houses, no hedges, no rivers, no grass. There is nothing at all, in fact, except the little bushes. Although it is sheep country you can ride for miles without seeing a sheep. Of course the odd thing is that I should like this country of "nothing." But I do. And John Seymour has brought it back to me.

British-born Mr. Seymour first went to South Africa in 1934, as a trainee on a sheep farm in the Karoo district. His experiences there and on a ranch farther northwest comprise much of his book and set the tone for all of it. He worked in the mines, was a commercial fisherman in what used to be German West Africa and is now mandated territory. He writes about Kenya, about Ethiopia, about the Zambesi, about, in fact, Africa, the *Ons Land*, our land of the Boers, and the people in it—characters he has met, stories he has heard, adventures he has had.

This is no quickie, no slick journalistic job. Mr. Seymour is a man who can handle a pick and shovel in a mine, use wire strainers to stretch a barbed-wire fence, shoot a buck and cook it without the help of a White Hunter and a staff of safari boys. There are serious reflections on migrant womanless labor and its effect on the morals of the Africans

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who are deprived of their wives for the long periods of their contracts. There are explanations, and good ones, of Afrikaner psychology.

Taking it all around, this is a good book, and there are not many good books about South Africa and its neighbors. John Seymour gives the feel of the place, the smell of it. Having read it you will have a better idea of the country and its political and social complexities—about such things as the relations of white and black, of white and white (Boer and Britain)—than you would have if you had read a purely socio-political job by an outsider.

It is only in this respect that he fails. His comments may be justified; his conclusions, some of them at any rate, agree with my own; but the subject is too big to be dealt with in asides and digressions from what is essentially a very personal narrative of an adventurous life.

This is a good book. It makes a South African nostalgic. It will interest those who do not know Africa, the vast continent which is one enormous question mark to which no one, not John Seymour, nor I, nor Smuts, nor Strijdom, have the answer. Nor have the Africans themselves. For the answer is *time*. The present which disturbs us all so much is the transition, the period of flux that separates the near but savage past from a future in which if we do not all love one another like brothers we shall do as well as most other people do in a symbiotic association that should be profitable and happy for us all.

If, as is true, nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like hatred.

THE TRAGEDY OF MODERN AFRICA: The parts of Africa which horrified me when I went there last year were the large cities, where the African is being lured away from his tribe, crammed into a suit, given a taste for patent hair-oil, commercialized music (or music-substitute), bad cinema films, and . . . turned into that central figure of the present-day Western world—the city clerk; or the mechanic who tries to pretend that he is a clerk when he is not working. . . . [But] the African must be allowed to go the way he wants to, and at the moment he wants to become like the city-dwelling white man. An African, suffering from tuberculosis and with two tubercular children, sitting in a flooded shack in the Cape Flats, living, or at least surviving, on the immoral earnings of his wife, said to me: "The thing that's wrong with this country Baas is that it's too old-fashioned. We haven't even got television yet." And he was not being ironical. . . .

The greatest tragedy [of Africa] is that the shoddiest, the dreariest, the most "respectable" and anti-life of our present Western values are being "sold" to a happy and vital people, and that they are losing their happiness and vitality because of it. I do not mean that there is nothing good in Western civilization, or that there is nothing in it which is good for the African. I certainly do not advocate that the African should be confined to his *kraal*, as Mr. Strijdom would like to confine him, or preserved carefully like an inmate of a human zoo, as some people would like to preserve the Masai. I know that Western civilization is good for the African; but what have cheap suits and hair-oil to do with civilization?

Maybe in such countries [as Kenya] the African will be spared the disillusion and the sickening hangover that follow the initial intoxication of the discovery of big-city life, the sickening discovery that the streets of New York, or of Johannesburg, are not paved with gold, but with boredom and disillusion, but I fancy that most Africans have got to go through with it. They had got to drink our industrial liquor. It is no use trying to stop them. One day, as we will, they will emerge from this primly adolescent stage of civilization and arrive at something better. Africa is changing with shattering rapidity. It is not only hopeless but terribly dangerous to try to arrest this changing by repressive legislation. But of this I am sure. Nothing can keep the Bantu African down. He is irrepressible. Even if you cram him into a pin-striped suit one day he will come up again, smiling.

—From "One Man's Africa," by John Seymour (John Day).

Best of Gandhi

THE MAHATMA IN DEED AND WORD: In **"The Gandhi Reader"** (Indiana University Press, $7.50) Homer A. Jack has put in his debt that vast host of readers who agree with Albert Einstein's famous judgment of Gandhi when he wrote: "Generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."

From more than 500 volumes, magazines, and newspapers—many of them not available at all outside of India—Dr. Jack has culled the best of Gandhi in every area in which Gandhi himself was interested and expressed himself. These areas include war and peace, political independence, the plight of the untouchables and communal tensions, problems of the family and home, his unique method of non-violent resistance, religious devotion, and the spiritual life. Considerably more than half of the book is occupied by Gandhi's own statements on these and a multitude of other subjects. The rest consists of statements about Gandhi by such writers as Tagore, Nehru, Patel, C. F. Andrews, Romain Rolland, Louis Fischer, Vincent Sheean, John Haynes Holmes, and others of like stature.

This "Reader" takes us from Gandhi's birth in 1869 to the world's homage to him after his assassination, in January 1948. Although some of the selections are short many are complete enough to give the reader not just a sampling of Gandhi's style and ideas, but sufficient detail to enable him to get a quite comprehensive grasp of Gandhi's philosophy of life. To have achieved this is no small accomplishment when one considers the vast amount of material available. As a life-long student and admirer of Gandhi and by a recent visit to India Dr. Jack was exceptionally well qualified to carry this impressive task to successful completion.

Dr. Jack's brief introductory remarks, which precede each selection, always give the reader the necessary setting for what follows. Despite their brevity they greatly add to the total understanding. They are, in each instance, long enough to explain and short enough not to interfere with the readings themselves.

A "Glossary of Indian Terms" and a brief description of the "Principal Characters in the Book," at the beginning, add greatly to the comprehensibility. A fairly exhaustive "Chronology of Gandhi's Life" plus an excellent bibliography of the writings by as well as about Gandhi, at the close, complete the book.

—PAUL A. SCHILPP.

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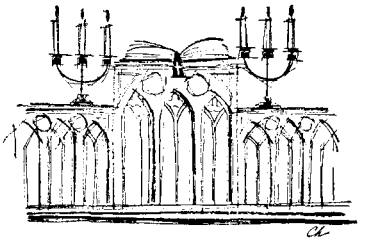
From Kindling to Fruit Trees



***"The Living Bread," by Thomas Merton** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 157 pp. $3), is an explanation of what the Roman Catholic Church believes and teaches about "the central mystery of Christianity," the Eucharist. Below it is reviewed by Riley Hughes of Georgetown University, editor of "All Manner of Men: Representative Fiction from the American Catholic Press."*

By Riley Hughes

"EVERYBODY in the universe is tongue-tied, except the priest," Thomas Merton writes in the journal he kept of his early Trappist years. "Speaking for the people, he also speaks to God. He unites men and God in a few simple sentences that are the word of God." It is as a priest, treating this union in a special way for priests, and indeed at the request of the leaders of a new movement of eucharistic adoration among secular priests, that Thomas Merton, now Father Louis of the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance, writes "The Living Bread."

This book sets forth in rich context the author's meditative study on the "intimate connection between the two mysteries of the Eucharist and the Church." This book is not an exercise in argument, defense, or apologetics directed to those who do not share the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church—"these are matters which, for long centuries, the Church herself has never tried to explain to those who were not her own, because such things cannot be understood without faith." Nonetheless it may well be that this lucid explanation, free of the sometimes distracting tangents of the earlier books, can successfully unfold, even for those who do not believe with the Church, exactly what the Church believes and teaches about "the central mystery of Christianity."

To show what it is to be "members of Christ," in works, love, and knowledge, Father Merton first examines the meaning of worship, sacrifice, and *agápe,* the love which is "a manifestation of God living in mankind." The definition of the Council of Trent is then examined for its dogma of the Real Presence so that precisions (among them a distinction between natural presence and sacramental presence) may be set up for "sacramental contemplation." In the words of St. Ambrose, "the dry wood of Adam" becomes "fruit trees in Christ" through the reception of Communion, a reception, Father Merton urges, which must not be perfunctory or pietistic. Without relying upon either formulae or "system," he demonstrates the relationship in continuity of non-liturgical worship with liturgical practice to effect a life of prayer before the Eucharist.

From St. John (from whom he derives his title and his closing words), from the Councils, from St. Thomas Aquinas, and from modern writers the author's meditation progresses to embrace the total complex of the Mystical Body. He insists, with Thomas, that the "sacred reality" of the Eucharist is "perfect charity, consummate oneness in Christ." Only union with God, he says, will solve the problem of our time—the "agony of ambivalence"—and give us the ability "to love ourselves and to love one another." "We live," he tells us, "at the precise moment when the exorbitant optimism of the materialist world has plunged into spiritual ruin."

THE world, of course, is Thomas Merton's familiar antagonist, and there are brief flashes here of earlier wars—the word *prison,* a key image of the autobiography and the poems, occurs here once—but the emphasis now is not on escape from the world, but on the Church as family, drawn by a sacred banquet, a *sacrum convivium,* to a common participation in the divine life. "The Living Bread" is at once the most austere and most austerely written of the author's fifteen books.

Feeding the Chickens

By Babette Deutsch

YELLOW yellow yellow: you are the child's
First richness, piled in a cornbin's hillocks.
Farmer gives her a fistful, hard to hold.
Of the crammed kernels, a few spill.
Hard to lose: the dribble of orange bright
Sunny white-tipped seeds. Two all but golden
Chips burst through the tighter clutch. Farmer
Seems not to mind, but so much beholden, the small girl
Wonders. And she may carry the crowding yellow
Handful out to the yard? Among queer feathered smells,
Craned pecking necks, and she may call
"Here chick! here chick!" and they will come?
And she must throw the sunny grains to them,
Yes: from the farmer's pan take more and more to scatter
Wide as she can, spattering a yellow hail.
Funnily they run to find it, greedily fight
To pick it up; bested by the stout fellow with the proud crest,
They bicker, cluck and peck. "Here chick, here chick!" But
Soon, too soon it's gone: among the gravel,
Droppings, feathers, the prodigal wealth dispersed, snatched up
And swallowed. The small girl, abruptly bereft
Of glory, is left empty-handed.
Farmer's leathery face turns toward the barn, his other chores.
He does not have to tell the child: she knows
Her sunfilled moment was his commonplace, all weathers, every day.
She will go and play. Not now, but right away. Here still the spell
Of the warm brightness that she held so tight
Hovers: yellow yellow yellow

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Notes

ANXIETY AND FAITH: Few men are capable of writing on the emotional unrest of our time and the resources of the Christian religion, for coping with it without oversimplifying the one and corrupting the other. Charles R. Stinnette, Jr., however, is rooted and grounded both in psychology and religion, and has the gift of writing of profound things simply and well. In his experience as counselor he heard these questions again and again: "Why do I feel so helpless when there's nothing wrong with my body?" "Please tell me what to do; I cannot decide." "Why do I have to be me?" Observation and experience, he writes, revealed to him the fact that "anxiety is a common factor in every diminishment of man, both as a cause and as a result. This insight sent me on a search for an understanding of anxiety in psychiatry and in theology. I find that it is a core concern in both disciplines." Dr. Stinnette's book, **"Anxiety and Faith"** (Seabury Press, $3.50), is an effort to bring these concerns together. Those who work in the helping professions to help allay a bit of this "free-floating anxiety" which threatens to engulf so many will find this book exceedingly helpful. Those who are anxious and seek to find in the book a cure for their problems in a specified number of steps, right-thinking, or positive affirmation will be disappointed. This is no guide to confident and better living. Instead, in the best tradition of all that is sound in modern psychology and creedal Christianity, Dr. Stinnette shares his faith that the anxieties of men need not always disarm and defeat them. This book tells us why.

—Roscoe Thornton Faust.

A NEW LOOK AT SIN: The subtitle of **"Hardness of Heart"** (Doubleday, $2.95), the latest volume in the Christian Faith series—"A Contemporary Interpretation of the Doctrine of Sin"—should not deter any timid soul from reading it, for this book carries with it a great deal of hope and assurance. Much of man's hopelessness, declares the author, E. LaB. Cherbonnier, professor of religion at Trinity College, comes from the erroneous understanding of the meaning of sin, which has been presented either too moralistically, as a mere breaking of petty rules, or with dismal inevitability, as some instrinsic defect in human nature. He proceeds to point up inconsistencies and fallacies in the thinking of Humanism and Orthodoxy. He matches wits also with Pelagius, Augustine, and the Protestant Reformers of the sixteenth century. They all eventually land in the same camp, proclaiming the disparity of man. Sin is neither the breaking of rules nor "original sin"; it is rather universal in that all men are sinners in not loving God with all their heart, soul, and mind, or their neighbors as themselves. Instead men give their loyalties to certain subtle idolatries, disproportionate allegiance to science, to wealth, to prestige, to sex, to Humanism or Communism, or the more sophisticated cults of despair. Man must return, says Dr. Chebonnier, to an undistorted, specifically Biblical view of sin as universal, and to the acceptance of a God who comes "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

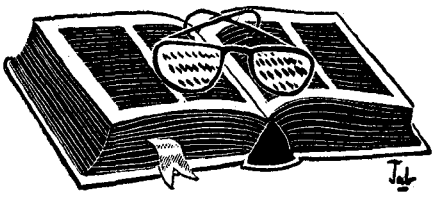
—R. T. F.

JEWS IN AMERICA: In the Fall of 1954 *Judaism*, a periodical widely accepted as one of the best in English-Jewish journalism, issued a double volume in honor of the American Jewish tercentenary. **"Jewish Life in America,"** edited by *Judaism*'s editors, Rabbi Theodore Friedman and Rabbi Robert Gordis (Horizon, $4), contains nearly all the essays previously published in the magazine, with some omissions and some additions.

A book of this sort is best explained by listing, in part, its contents: articles on the Jewish religion in the United States, on Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, and Reconstructionist versions and views, as well as religion, or the lack of it, in the Jewish labor movement; more than a half-dozen studies on Jewish culture, including surveys of Hebrew and Yiddish and American-Jewish literature; an article on Zionism and its impact on American-Jewish life; and a study on "The American Rabbi" which contains criticisms of the rabbinate but nevertheless makes a convincing argument for the primacy of the rabbi on the American-Jewish scene. Essays on music, art, and education are also included.

One of the virtues of this collection is that the writers seldom indulge in self-congratulation. Unfortunately, some of the contributions are too journalistic, cursory, and without depth; the proofreading is sometimes careless and one should have liked to see more aspects of Jewish life treated here. Still, the book offers a fairly accurate view of what it describes.

—Harold U. Ribalow.



Other Religious Books

SIX per cent of all book titles published each year are in the religious field. Among these, in addition to the several hundred reviewed in this and the two preceding issues of *SR*, are many of spiritual and practical value to the layman. Alexander Lake, the son of a famous South African missionary who ministered to men like General Jan Smuts, has written **"Your Prayers Are Always Answered"** (Gilbert Press, $2.95), a collection of true stories on the power of prayer. How people may draw on the Bible to solve personal problems is shown by George H. Muedeking in **"Emotional Problems and the Bible"** (Muhlenberg Press, $3).

Books which reveal deep personal faith in religious matters seem to have strong reader appeal. Olgivanna Lloyd Wright, wife of the famous architect, tells of **"The Struggle Within"** (Horizon Press, $3) and the faith which sustained her during emotionally difficult times in various parts of the world. The Rev. Victor Emanuel Beck explains **"Why I Am a Lutheran"** (Thomas Nelson, $2.75) by drawing on personal experience and Lutheran tradition in America. In the autobiographical vein is Father Daniel A. Lord's **"Played by Ear"** (Hanover House, $4), in which he recapitulates his crusades in print and on the platform, including his formation of the Legion of Decency. **"Where Dwellest Thou?"** (Gilbert Press, $2.95), edited by John A. O'Brien, relates twelve stories of conversion by personalities like Lillian Roth and G. B. Stern.

The blending of religion and fiction is best accomplished it seems with Biblical motifs and remote historical settings as in **"The Spear"** (Lippincott, $3.95), by novelist Louis de Wohl, author of several historical biographies of saints, who refashions Rome's turbulence during the time of Christ's crucifixion. In a more modern setting appears Paul Horgan's third miracle tale, **"The Saintmaker's Christmas Eve"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $2.75), which deals with the simple faith of village people and a roving priest with visions of St. Christopher. Canadian writer Gabrielle Roy, well known for her earlier novel "The Tin Flute," takes an anxiety-ridden bank cashier and reshapes his personality through the power of spiritual faith in **"The Cashier"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). The popular novelist Frank G. Slaughter has contributed to this season's historical fiction with **"The Scarlet Cord"** (Doubleday, $3.95), which elaborates on the Biblical story of Joshua and Rahab.

—S. M.

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The High Cost of Superiority

WHAT we don't know can hurt us. It has hurt us already. Ever since the end of World War II we have been making easy assumptions about all sorts of things —about Soviet Russia in general and our security in particular. These assumptions now turn out to be wrong. But the mistakes have done serious damage to America. If the kind of thinking that gave birth to these assumptions continues the United States could before long become a second-rate power in the world—physically and morally.

Like most assumptions that produce a dangerous weakness, our assumptions have to do with the myth of national superiority. After we fashioned an atomic bomb we assumed that no one else could possibly be as smart. To the horror of many of the very scientists who had collectively produced the nuclear explosion, we officially pronounced the fact of atomic monopoly. Congressional committees listened to testimony to the effect that not in our lifetime or the lifetime of our children would the Soviet Union be able to break our monopoly. Lecture audiences heard a prominent military man connected with the Manhattan District Project say that it was folly to suppose the Russians could produce a nuclear reaction when they couldn't even produce a motor car to compete with a Ford. And when the Russians only a few years later started to set off test nuclear explosions the cry of foul was heard because spies had passed along our "secrets." And once again the scientists who knew what atomic energy was all about tried to point out that the spying had made available certain information that might have accelerated the Russian program by as much as a year or two, but that there were no real "secrets" to impart concerning the basic processes involved. Everything of a basic nature had been known and published. In general, though, it was not what Soviet Russia knew but what the American people didn't know that represented the real danger.

Now we learn that the Russians, who, supposedly, were too stupid to do anything original, have a fusion weapon and are probably ahead of us with respect to the development of intercontinental ballistic missiles. So far as can be learned, the Russian ICBMs are not yet in actual production, but the preliminary development is fairly well advanced. The ICBMs have a range of 6,000 miles or more. They slip through space at speeds up to 18,000 miles per hour. Thus, Washington and Detroit may soon be within twenty-two minutes of the Soviet Union. Question: What happens to the idea that we may have a warning of several hours in order to evacuate our large cities, even assuming it may be possible to avoid total chaos with masses of people all trying to get out of the cities at the same time?

WE LEARN now, too, that the cosy generalizations we made about the backwardness of Russian education were part of the same wool of self-deception. As the Iron Curtain goes up one of the first things we see is that the Soviet Union has virtually been turned into an educational forcing-house for the production of physicists and engineers. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission has before it a report showing that we are being badly outstripped in the training of scientific personnel.

The multiple threat before the American people cannot be adequately met on the purely competitive level. It is not enough to speed up our own ballistic missile program or to make bigger nuclear explosions. Nor is it enough to say that we must devise a crash program for turning out scientists and engineers by the tens of thousands. The defense of America rests today, as it did all along, not on arms alone but on what we stand for in the world. The first front is the moral front. What other people see when they look at America; the kind of hope that comes to life at the mention of our name; the crisp conception of justice inside America and in our dealings as a nation; any ideas we may have about a pooling of sovereignty in the creation of effective world law —all this is what counts. Military preparedness without it is motion without direction.

It is not only on the engineering front that Russia seeks to maintain her edge. She is attempting to fill the combined role of barker and champion at a time when the majority of the world's peoples are involved in history's greatest upheaval. And the irony is that she is appropriating the slogans from our own revolutionary past as the best arguments to put before the peoples of Asia and Africa who are determined to achieve and maintain freedom from outside rule. The names of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln are invoked not by us but by others throughout the struggling half of the world. The magnetic, dynamic pull of America is in our past, not our present.

Somehow soon we shall have to learn all over again how to make noises like revolutionaries if we want to sound relevant in a world where more than half the world's peoples are shopping for a revolution. But we are not going to sound relevant, no matter what we say, so long as we have ten billion dollars of food we can't possibly use stored away and rotting at the rate of two million dollars a day—while almost half the world goes hungry. We are not going to sound relevant if the ideas on human equality which created our own nation now make us uncomfortable.

Fortunately, we have potentially everything we need for the kind of security that rests on moral leadership. We won our own freedom the hard way; we became great because we built on human diversity; we understood the pulling power of ideals. Such strength as we need does not have to be invented; it has only to be remembered and restored. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEFENSE OF SR's SKIN

I RUSH to man *SR's* pumpkin-yellow barricades against Mrs. Helen C. Norton's attack, ["Letters to the Editor," *SR* Feb. 11]. In a pink, white, "American Beauty," and "aqua" living room who *wouldn't* scream?

R. G. K. ANSON.

New York, N. Y.

COLOR CONTROVERSY

ONE GUY'S MEAT IS ANOTHER'S POISON! My deepest sympathy to Mrs. Norton for her desperate plea to have *SR* covers in shades complimentary to her pink, white, "American Beauty," and "aqua" living room. My concert series customers have frequently commented on the unusual luck that *SR* always supplies the perfect note of color in my tangerine, gray, white-and-black office.

BEVERLY TAYLOR.

Columbia, S. C.

A TABLE FOR A SOUL

WHY DOESN'T MRS. NORTON get one of those coffee tables with a drawer? That way she wouldn't deprive one facet of her soul for another.

MRS. V. N. DADRIAN.

Chestertown, Md.

POETS AND VICE PRESIDENTS

WHO OR WHAT has given John Ciardi the impression that poets are closer to heaven and the word than third vice presidents ["Auden and the Search for Values," *SR* Feb. 18]. It looks like the modern poet has voluntarily taken the long walk to left field and is now put out because no one asks him to pitch . . . to use third vice president imagery.

PAUL MILLS.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ciardi replies: "How about fourth vice presidents? The poets must be closer to* something *(poetry, for example) than* someone."

THE YOUNGER POETS

POETRY LOVERS certainly should congratulate you upon your poetry reviews [*SR* Feb. 18] on Auden, William Carlos Williams, etc. by John Ciardi, Richard Eberhart, and Richard Wilbur. Plus poems by Jesse Stuart and John Holmes. Incidentally, along with Ciardi himself Eberhart, Wilbur, and Holmes are all represented in Ciardi's "Twentieth-Century American Poets." They are foremost in excellence among the younger poets.

DALE GUHL.

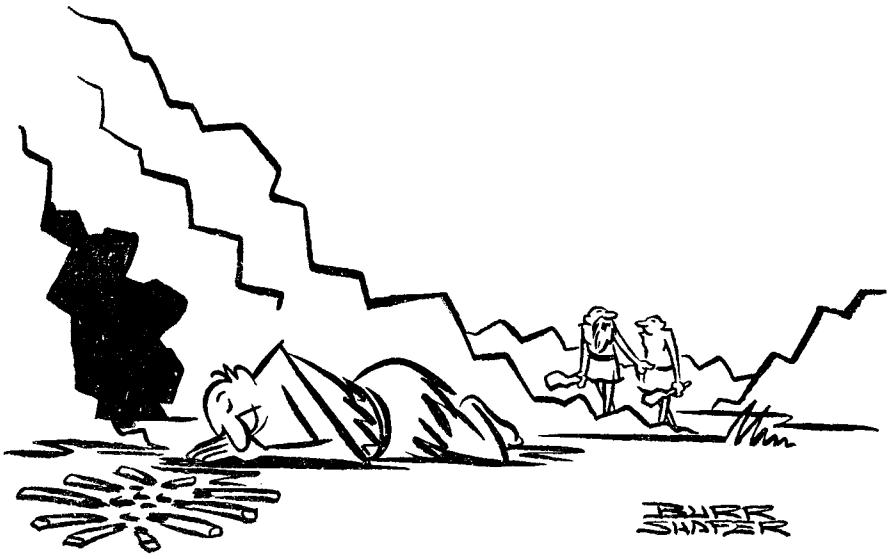
New Cumberland, Pa.

THE LIVING LINCOLN

A REMARKABLE FACET of Abraham Lincoln's life is that, despite the many, many volumes already in print, it continues to inspire fresh, fine writing. Simply, swiftly, without gush or flourish, Richard Hanser in "Mr. Lincoln Visits Richmond" [*SR* Feb. 11] made us feel the goodness, the tenderness, the humor, and the tragedy of the living Lincoln.

SYMES REED.

Hollywood, Fla.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We found this wonderful flame magic when the flash in the sky set the trees afire. Smith is keeping it going for us."

VIVEKANANDA'S CREED

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following paragraphs, contributed by Swami Pavitrananda of the Vedanta Society of New York in response to "The Plan of Satis Prasad" [SR Jan. 14], are excerpted from the first speech made in America by the famous Hindu student and mystic Vivekananda at the World's Parliament of Religions (Chicago, 1893).*

I AM PROUD to belong to a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance. We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions as true. I am proud to belong to a nation which has sheltered the persecuted and the refugees of all religions and all nations of the earth. I am proud to tell you that we have gathered in our bosom the purest remnant of the Israelites, who came to Southern India and took refuge with us in the very year in which their holy temple was shattered to pieces by Roman tyranny. I am proud to belong to the religion which sheltered and is still fostering the remnant of the grand Zoroastrian nation. I will quote to you a few lines from the hymn which I remember to have repeated from my earliest boyhood, which is every day repeated by millions of human beings: "As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea, so, O Lord, the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee. . . ."

Sectarianism, bigotry, and its horrible descendant fanaticism have long possessed this beautiful earth. They have filled the earth with violence, drenched it often and often with human blood, destroyed civilization, and sent whole nations to despair. Had it not been for these horrible demons human society would be far more advanced than it is now. But their time is come; and I fervently hope that the bell that tolled this morning in honor of this convention may be the death knell of all fanaticism, of all persecutions with the sword or with the pen, and of all uncharitable feelings between persons wending their way to the same goal.

ACTOR'S PITFALL

IT WAS WITH A DEEP AND CONTINUING INTEREST that I read Robert Lewis Shayon's article detailing the virtues and foibles of "Method" actors [TV AND RADIO, *SR* Feb. 18]. However, this excellently objective report failed to state the greatest virtue of "Method" performance, *i.e.*, its ability to convey a genuine contemporary tone to plays written by realistic dramatists. The intense drives of "method actors," anxious to create "truth" in their delineations of character, results in an accurate mirroring of the urban discontent and hypertension so characteristic of modern society. The pitfall, of course, resides in that area of subjectivity where emotion supersedes intellect, thus resulting in the naturalistic excesses pinpointed by Mr. Shayon.

J. R. CATINELLA.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Shewing Up of Blanko Verso

SINCE Shakespeare and Shaw thrive without a lot of scenery small off-Broadway theatres with limited budgets are turning more and more to this illustrious pair. Producing the former has, in fact, become the sole purpose of two theatres. One, the Shakespearean Theatre Workshop at 729 East 6th Street, is experimenting with a less declamatory method of performing the plays in modern dress. At the moment this theatre's principal virtues are a young company, the roomiest and most comfortable seats of any playhouse in New York, and no admission charge.

The other Shakespeare-specializing organization, located at 351 East 74th Street, is The Shakespearewrights, who for three years have been providing vigorous and untrammeled productions of the Bard's better-known plays, with Earle Hyman's "Othello" and a lovely and sincere "Twelfth Night" being the most highly praised. Of the three plays presented this season the current **"Romeo and Juliet"** is undoubtedly the best. Its director, Brian Shaw, has avoided the pitfall of playing the tragedy as a love lyric. Instead, he has concentrated on telling the story of the terrible feud between the Montagues and the Capulets. To emphasize the importance of this Verona vendetta, the encounters are played so roughly that first-row spectators must duck in self-defense. Romeo and Mercutio come closer to the blackboard jungle than they do to the artificial world of storybook romance.

As Romeo, Robert Rietz, though underdeveloped as an actor, is graceful, fences well, and speaks clearly. Carlotta Sherwood's Juliet spends most of her time being either the essence of naivete or the essence of anguish. But Pernell Roberts's lusty Mercutio and Gertrude Kinnell's droll and earthy nurse are first-rate in a wonderfully fast-moving "Romeo and Juliet," in which storytelling takes precedence over poetry.

DESPITE his qualified admiration for Shakespeare, Shaw enjoyed puncturing bardolatry, even writing two plays to that purpose. And a new company is presenting them in a double bill at the Cherry Lane Theatre. The first, **"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets"** (1910), shows Will Shakespeare as a prolific plagiarizer of other person's ideas and phrases, a fatuous sermonizer, and an obvious flatterer of the Crown. The second and longer play, **"The Admirable Bashville"** (1901—one year before Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"), borrows its plot from Shaw's novel "Cashel Byron's Profession." Written in atrocious blank verse, the play parodies Shakespeare's application of high-flown language to ordinary situations. Happily, Shaw goes beyond this one joke. He has spotlighted an amazing number of Shakespeare's literary habits and devices. These include the expository beginning in which a character invokes nature with elaborate (and in this case mixed) metaphor; the ending of scenes with rhymed couplets ("This day of deeds as yet but half begun,/Must ended be in merrie Islington."); the rhetorical answering of one's own complaint ("And yet there's an eternal justice in it, for . . ."); the use of nouns as verbs ("I shall oldmaided be."); the spouting of disgusting images under the accepted banner of elegant poetry ("The putrid bag engirdled by thy belt invites my fist"); and a final long speech in which the hero ties up all loose ends with moderation and leniency for all ("To the Blue Anchor hostelry attend him; assuage his hurts, and bid Bill Richardson limit his access to the fatal tap.").

And despite his preoccupation with parody, Shaw brings into this tale of a gentleman pugilist who marries a wealthy old maid, also loved by her butler, some of his favorite themes, such as the impossibility of parents, the ridiculousness of "duty," minor cruelties such as boxing, and of course the rigidity of class distinction which prevents the most useful and capable people from rising above their stations.

Frances Sternhagen exhibits a highly developed ability to weave verbal and emotional antimacassars to go with the Victorian Lydia Carew. Ray Rizzo gives the right degree of exaggeration to the handsome and muscular Cashel Byron. J. Robert Dietz portrays Cashel's opportunistic trainer with Shavian foxiness. And Gerry Matthews performs the title role with a good sense of the pathetic position the romantic butler finds himself in. Charles Olsen has directed the parody with admirable discipline, so that like Shaw's own writing there is earnestness under the joke.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

To Your Battle Stations, Fellows

THE memory of World War II is evidently still haunting Hollywood. Twentieth Century-Fox, for instance, has come out with a thriller of sorts in **"The Man Who Never Was,"** based (more or less) on the Ewen Montagu account of how the Germans were misled as to Allied intentions at the time of the Sicily invasion.

The idea, in brief, was to float a dead Marine major ashore on the coast of Portugal and have German Intelligence get hold of some phony plans showing Sicily to be the last thing in the minds of Allied commanders. If the Germans picked up the bait they would withdraw troops from Sicily and use them to defend other invasion points. Commander Clifton Webb goes efficiently about the business of finding a corpse and equipping it with not only a dispatch case, but a typical British officer's life, including bank account (overdrawn), a gentleman's club, and a girl-friend. It occurred to me that Nigel Balchin's script overlooked furnishing the chap with a mother, father, sisters and brothers, uncles, nephews, and so on, but Webb has so obviously thought of everything, and is so sure of his method of doing the job, that one hesitates to criticize him. The movie is, alternately, at its best and its worst when the Germans send a spy to London to check up on the identity of the corpse. The worst moments occur when Gloria Grahame is called upon to convince the spy that the corpse is not a counterfeit, and I suspect she stands a chance of being nominated the worst actress of the year by the Harvard *Lampoon*. Otherwise, Ronald Neame's direction, after a typically British slow start (the movie was produced in England), holds up very well, and of course Clifton Webb's chin is always held high, even when the course of history is at stake.

* * *

Columbia's **"The Cockelshell Heroes"** was also produced in England, with José Ferrer operating in the capacities of star and director. He is seen as a British Marine major (a live one, this time) in charge of a fantastic, but presumably actual, operation, its object the breaking up of Axis shipping in the harbor at Bordeaux, an inland base that for strategic reasons could not be bombed. The British evidently never balked at any plan, no matter how cockeyed, and this one was a beauty: to have ten Royal Marines led by Major Ferrer (in real life, Col. H. G. Hasler) paddle up-river in five kayak canoes to Bordeaux, whereupon they would blow up shipping with "limpet" mines. Such an operation did occur, and it's certainly high time the story was told. Colonel Hasler and one enlisted man survived.

With so many odds against the ten Marines, it is largely a tale of heroism, but the screenwriters have also managed to work in some highly amusing stuff. Major Ferrer has ideas on how his men are to be trained, and one of these ideas is to parachute the squad into the English countryside, all dressed in German uniforms, and see if they can get back to London by hook or crook. A stiff-necked Marine captain, played extremely well by Trevor Howard, fails to see the value or humor of these unorthodox training methods, but is there to be counted upon when things get tough.

* * *

RKO's **"The Bold and the Brave"** tries to say something a little more concrete about the nature of courage and, I'm afraid, largely fails. The story deals with three soldiers during the Italian campaign, each with his special problem and motivation. Wendell Corey, for example, has a pronounced inability to fire his gun; Mickey Rooney plays a cute little guy with a dream of opening a restaurant in New Jersey after the war; and Don Taylor is a stalwart chap with pronounced notions about sin, and an incomparable innocence about the female sex.

I'm told some of the battle material is based on a Medal of Honor citation, but nevertheless the war stuff contains so many technical absurdities that the Army asked that the usual message about its cooperation and assistance be eliminated from the credits. You may be sure, though, that by the end Wendell Corey has turned from a lamb into a raging lion, that Mickey Rooney dies, and that Don Taylor will forgive a prostitute and bring her home to the farm in America. I've noticed, by the way, that any movie soldier who dreams of a postwar restaurant or filling station eventually "gets it," and, in this case, sure enough. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

WILLIAM HOLDEN
in
PICNIC
with
KIM NOVAK
BETTY FIELD
SUSAN STRASBERG
CLIFF ROBERTSON
and co-starring
ROSALIND RUSSELL
as Rosemary
Produced by FRED KOHLMAR
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
A Columbia Picture
in CinemaScope and Technicolor

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SOUTHERN MEDLEY"
Produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

"ENCHANTING MUSIC"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
"HANDSOME AND TUNEFUL"
—CHAPMAN, NEWS
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
NEW MUSICAL SMASH HIT
PIPE DREAM
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TV AND RADIO

The Second Defeat of ETV

ON ALL elementary, secondary, and college levels there is a new, vigorous campaign to get teachers to recognize and relate to the popular culture-patterns of their pupils. The whole hope of the educational TV movement (ETV), since the great crisis five years ago over the reservation of TV channels for the exclusive use of the educators, has been in the opposite direction—to supplement, to lift audiences higher than the popular culture. This hope has not been realized. The educators may argue that five years is no time at all, that the battle has just begun, the difficulties are enormous, the future is bright, etc. All this may be true, but vital cultural forces do not wait passively, like reservoirs behind dams. Teachers especially must do daily battle against commercialized popular culture; they need and seek allies badly. And nineteen out of more than 200 reserved channels in five years is a dismal record. Not a single simultaneous, national ETV program anywhere. The result is the inevitable flow of energy into the channels that are available. The teachers are entering into arms pacts with the commercial operators, to whose embrace, of course, they are lovingly welcomed.

What promise does this new *entente cordiale* hold for the elevation of popular taste? The reasoning of the teachers is that they will accentuate the positive (whatever there is of it on commercial TV) and de-centuate the negative. Out of the clash will come the development of pupils' critical skills and an opportunity to lead them from the superficial on TV to the profound in literature and other arts. Will the experiment work? Will this marriage of convenience produce a new generation of mature, culturally-discriminating adults? Tune in around 1970 and find out. This is no cultural throughway the teachers have been persuaded to enter upon. Take it from Mr. Weaver, himself. With a welcome frankness the NBC board chairman states in a magazine interview: "There will be no cultural programming that is not fought for; and that goes for progress of any kind. Sponsors are not going to ask for cultural programs. They are going to have to be sold it all the way. It's going to be very difficult and probably it will be a long time before cultural or straight information programming will have any really safe position."

Beyond the marketplace lies the debate of deeper values. The system of popular education established by this nation's fathers was, in theory, designed to lift the mental aptitudes of men to their new duties and responsibilities. Writes Ferdinand Lundberg in his provocative book "The Treason of the People": "Equality was to be obtained by a leveling up rather than a leveling down. . . . It is a complete vulgarization of the democratic idea to suppose that the true democrat shows his democratic spirit when he conforms to low common denominators of taste and behavior. Rather, is it the democratic duty of the citizenry to comport itself in accord with maximum standards of taste, behavior, and discrimination. To do less is to be faithless to the democratic idea, to be undemocratic." The danger of compromise for teachers and commercial TV works both ways. By stooping to conquer the teachers may be conquered themselves.

It would have been ideal if educational TV had, or showed any real signs of having in the future, a network that could compete for the vital attention of our audiences. Then the tradition of culture need not have been all mixed up with modern commercialism—and, in a fair contest, could have wooed or lost the masses. Why there isn't such a network is a long, sad story. The educators won the channel reservations. The Ford Foundation provided the priming money. But the universities can't afford the going cash. The state legislatures won't provide it. The public is apathetic, ignorant, or indifferent. It would be easy to say they are satisfied with the commercial culture they know—but any careful observer of current mass attitudes will note a restlessness that belies such a conclusion.

THERE is a difference of opinion among the educators themselves on the reasons behind the poor present state of ETV. Huston Smith is an associate professor of philosophy at George Washington University. In an address before the last annual meeting of the American Council on Education he talked about his experiences in giving a successful TV course on "The Religions of Man" over the St. Louis educational station, KETC. Said Professor Smith: ". . . We stand today at a crossroads in the philosophy of educational television. . . . The first cause for concern . . . is that educational TV is not attracting and keeping producers and directors who have both educational vision and true creative talent."

Professor Smith attacked the basic image ETV now holds of itself: that in *content* its essence and mission is systematic instruction, regular academic courses; that in *audience* it should be beamed to those who already want to learn; and that in *administration* it should be an arm of the educational institutions. In place of this three-fold destiny Professor Smith offered another vision of educational TV: that it embrace a philosophy of education by *varied* instruction, for those *capable* of learning, as an arm of the *total community*. I think it is accurate to state that in the present educational TV world Professor Smith's philosophy is not ascendent. The talk is chiefly of closed-circuit, classroom TV. The educators have organized the production of programs on a fragmentary basis, with colleges making independent program contributions. There is, to be sure, an Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan, but this acts solely as a distributor of programs. It is a pity. It should be an imaginatively creative center for production itself.

Many early supporters of educational TV who held high hopes for it are disappointed that the cause has suffered its Second Defeat (the First, of course, was educational radio). But the time has come to look at the ETV story candidly.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 664

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 664 will be found in the next issue.

ABC JLGYC IX ESDCTALP

GSDLCETCT GS

ABC LEAGI IX YGTAESDC.

—FCILFC DRLAGT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 663

Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Bruno W. Mozart Festival—Uproar in L.A.

THIS being a Mozart year, all year, it was appropriate for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony to set aside two weeks of its season for a formal Mozart "festival." The half now completed was devoted to orchestral works and piano concerti, to be followed by the "Requiem." The conductor throughout is Bruno Walter, with Myra Hess as his associate in the keyboard works (No. 17 in G, No. 20 in D minor). Inasmuch as the Saturday broadcast of the Metropolitan "Magic Flute" fell within the same span of days, the week-end was as much a Bruno Walter Festival as it was a Mozart one.

So much exposure to one man's treatment of another man's music cannot fail to develop some strong reactions, either negative or positive. With Walter, who has lived in the atmosphere of Mozart for the proverbial three score years and ten, it cannot, of course, fail to be positive. The likeness he presents of the man in question is unquestionably an honest one. It must be valued, then, in terms of light and shade, strong emphasis and degrees of contrast. Thus regarded the effort is always sympathetic and very often expressive; and, as in most consequential artistry, there runs through it all a series of characteristics decidedly personal.

In the Walter view Mozart is consistently the sweet singer of inspired melodies, the ennobled master in whose presence it is almost "too unworthy" for a human to be servant. This produces admirably expressive results in the slow movements of the A major (No. 29), the C major ("Jupiter"), and the E flat (No. 39) symphonies he included in this sequence, but where vigor is the requirement of the moment he leaves us neither exhilarated nor stimulated. Certainly the recent "Jupiter" of Beecham renders the implications of the printed page more decisively, forthrightly, than Walter's did. Then, too, the attitude of veneration can be overdone if, as is often the case with Walter, the phrase takes precedence over the movement, the pleasure in the charming sound a more subjective factor than a statement, objectively, of the whole musical entity.

In all of this Myra Hess is a pianistic counterpart of her conductorial partner, which means, at least, that the performances of the two great concerti were of a musical piece. There is no good reason why a performer who feels more comfortable with a printed score on the piano rack should not use it, as Dame Myra did. But it is something of more moment if the tempi tend to be "comfortable" rather than demanding, or maturely sedate rather than youthfully impulsive. In the manner of Shakespeare's Juliet, the Mozartian interpreter of full physical resource is not likely to have the suitable intellectual equipment for the task. At the same time, there is a point where years and experience provide a diminishing return for this most perennially youthful composer of all. Then, too, a little more tonal charm than the pianist presently commands from her instrument would not be amiss. It was, in short, Mozart of a certain "character," but not really of the Mozartian character.

Included in the same span of days was a somewhat disarrayed "Marriage of Figaro" at the Metropolitan in which neither Delia Rigal (Countess) nor Dolores Wilson (Susanna) of the announced cast performed. However, the replacements were such experienced hands as Eleanor Steber and Roberta Peters. Margaret Roggero was the Cherubino, a performance improved over her previous effort, with George London (Almaviva) and Cesare Siepi (Figaro) in the prominent male roles. The conductor, as before, was Max Rudolf.

The operatic week was marked otherwise by the season's final performance of "Die Meistersinger." In its major aspects—Rudolf Kempe's impelling direction, the substantial Sachs of Otto Edelmann, and the always improving Walther of Albert da Costa—it was similar to the gratifying ones previously heard. Ralph Herbert presented a quirky, well-vocalized Beckmesser in his first local effort of the sort, Martha Lipton was a Magdalene of attractive appearance and good sound, and Victoria de los Angeles showed a substantial growth, as Eva, over her previous ones. This was more related to voice than to action, but that goes, certainly, with the probabilities inherent in this artist. If she is to become truly outstanding it will be as a singer rather than an actress, and the development is going in that direction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Musicians' Battle

LOS ANGELES.

IN THE swank million-dollar headquarters of Los Angeles Local 47, American Federation of Musicians, sour notes are still ricocheting from all corners. At the vortex of the cacophony is an insurgent faction led by the Local's vice president, Cecil F. Read, against what it terms national president James Caesar Petrillo's "dictatorial" administration of a multi-million-dollar trust fund for unemployed musicians, and his alleged control and misuse of $1,287,788 in strike fund assessments.

In an unprecedented action recently (Feb. 27), a voice vote by some 2,000 members of Local 47, meeting at the Hollywood Palladium, temporarily suspended from office local president John te Groen, and swept Read into the chair for a stormy session that was filled with complaints and charges against Petrillo policies.

Te Groen, characterizing the move as "illegal" and the result of "mob rule," spent the next days in his private office awaiting a directive from the Federation's national headquarters in Chicago, where Petrillo and top officials debated how best to deal with the insurrection. Read, his role of acting president confirmed by local board directors, took his case to the press and, before TV cameras and newsmen, detailed the reasons behind the revolt.

A mild-mannered, soft-spoken trumpet player from Chicago, Read charges that local musicians are suffering "outrageous inequities" in the nationwide disbursement of monies accruing from their recordings of film soundtracks and records. Since 1947 secondary earnings from these have gone into a Music Performance Trust Fund, which is used to provide jobs for out-of-work members throughout the country. Much of the contested revenue stems from royalties on old films now being released to TV, some 94 per cent of which Read avers is contributed by Los Angeles musicians.

Until recently, when such a transfer to TV was made, a flat $25 went to each man who had worked on the original soundtrack, with an additional 5 per cent of the gross revenue routed to the trust fund. Last June, however, the national executive board voted to channel the entire proceeds directly to the fund. The loss since then to local musicians, from some 2,000 films released to TV by two major film companies alone, has been $725,000, asserts Read.

The present policy, he charges, also

(*Continued on page 40*)

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KING OLIVER IN SAVANNAH

On February 27, 1956, the brothers Egan of Hartford, Connecticut, won $16,000 on "The $64,000 Question" by answering questions about Joe (King) Oliver, the great New Orleans jazz artist. Here is an excerpt from a forthcoming book in which Oliver's last days (1938), destitute and forgotten in Savannah, are described.

A photograph of King Oliver taken before he left New Orleans (1918).

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

THE *crack!* of a long-range rifle snapped out somewhere over my left shoulder, 100 yards or so back on the highway. It was a beautiful, sunny day, with fuzzy white clouds overhead, and the trace-plumes of jets breathing in long curves above Hunter Field Air Force Base, Savannah, Georgia. I was on my way to interview a man who might know something about Joseph King Oliver, native of Louisiana, jazz musician from New Orleans, and, from early fall 1937 to April 8, 1938, resident of West Broad Street, Savannah. All along West Broad musicians and friends of Oliver had been talking with me the day before. One of them, a drummer they called "Little Joe" Smith, had referred me to a Frank Dilworth, Shoe Shop, Hunter Base.

Next morning I drove into town for a check on directions, then set out south, following Montgomery Street into a paved, four-lane highway. Going on I'd noticed a sign. "Visitors Keep in Right Lane," on the right side of the highway, and a "Visitors Only" on my lane as I approached an entry to the field. There was a box between the double lanes, and a sentry stopping cars in the lane at my left marked "Military Personnel Only."

But on my side, on the right lane, there was no sentry, no sign with instructions. So I drove on. There was nothing to indicate that an offense had been committed. The rifle report that followed shortly after seemed perfectly kosher at the time; after all, they do fire guns at army bases.

When I had gone on about a half mile a horn-tooting, jeep-riding MP drove determinedly up the right lane, headed straight for my bumper. I took the ditch and turned off the ignition.

"You're a nice, lucky fellow that nice sentry didn't plug you with a nice hole," he remarked, poking his head through the driver's window. "He aimed for your tires, but he missed. Now get nicely back to the guardhouse and explain why in the history of nice language you jumped the gate."

So that was it. I crossed over to the left lane, fell into line behind the nice MP and his jeep, and ended up a prisoner in the guardhouse.

"Now just what were you doing jumping the gate?" the brisk, blue-coated officer in charge inquired politely after he, too, had expounded some of the subtler niceties of guardhouse speech. "We've got to report you to the FBI. That's the rule, and it's a serious charge."

It seemed to me, as the officer began taking notes for a dossier that was going to be made up in quadruplicate and sent God knew where, that my story sounded a little off key.

"King Oliver?" the officer wanted to know. "Can you explain a little more about *him*?"

I did, and the officer became almost human.

". . . and you say Louis Armstrong played with him, before he had a band of his own?"

I gulped and said he did.

"That was in Chicago, hey? . . . I've got some of Louis's records." The officer looked up. "And now, how about this Dilworth you wanted to see? This is where it's tight, man. I'm going to have to call Dilworth and ask him, first, if he knew Joe Oliver. If he didn't, you might have some more explaining to do."

I gulped again. "Anyway," I said feebly, hoping Frank Dilworth, a person I had never seen in my life before, or written to or talked with, would remember Joe Oliver, "he's supposed to have known him."

The officer picked up the intercom. "Yeah, shoe shop. . . . Dilworth? You ever heard of King Oliver? Yeah? Fellow here wants to talk to you. Yeah, yeah . . . about Oliver, yeah."

The phone clicked off. "O.K. for this time. Got any cameras? Leave 'em with me, I'll sign a receipt. And here's a pass. Get it countersigned, with the time on it, by Dilworth, before you leave."

Dilworth's shop was one of a neat, barracks-type row of low frame buildings on the left as my car pulled into the first lane going off from the highway. Inside the shop smelled of saddle soap and leather and oil and thread and polish; an orderly was picking up a pair of shiny boots. I waited for him to pay the tab, then stepped up to the counter.

"Oh yes, I was expecting you. Pretty serious at the gate, aren't they? It's their job. Now, what's this about Joe Oliver?"

"They said you knew him."

"Oh yes. He was in and out of Savannah for about a year and a half. I was booking a few fellows, trying to help out . . . Dilworth Attractions. Nothing big, you understand. No money in it, either."

I could hear a clock ticking some-

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where overhead. It was hot in the low-ceilinged room. He spoke with a low voice, calm and even: "He was a peculiar type of old man. He just used our business number, for phone calls. . . . It was pitiful. There was another agent, and he got pretty dirty with King. There was no money in Joe Oliver . . .

"He rehearsed a band for a while up at Powell Hall, for a 'Battle of Music' with Papa Celestin, who was supposed to come on from New Orleans. King kept saying Celestin would be sure to come, for him. Then he had a bunch of local kids, and was whipping them into shape. Roberson auditioned this band. He threw up the music and walked out, it was so bad.

"King's old bus was parked on Montgomery Street for a long time. My driver had pulled it in from South Carolina. Once King soaked his horn at pawn. . . . Yes, Louis did bump into him. He met him on the street, in front of the Savannah Pharmacy. Armstrong broke down and cried, gave him money to buy a suit of clothes. I guess King had done a lot for Louis, long ago. Louis said he was going to send him twenty dollars a week. . . .

"Toward the end, he was working for dinner money—twenty-five cents, then. He was a great old guy, a straight fellow . . . and he could really eat. He liked baseball, and pool. And a good musician. He used to come out to my place evenings, chew the rag until nine or so. You know, before he died . . ." the calm voice went even lower, and it was hard to hear at all . . . "before he died he told me that he had such an affection for Louis he wished that in some way he could have been his real son. He sure *cared* for Louis . . ."

I thanked Dilworth and got back into the car. On the way out to the gate I thought of his last remarks. Oliver and Dilworth had been chewing the rag, sitting in the front room of one of the small cottages that spread out along the back alleys that fed into West Broad Street. Out of Oliver's loneliness and longing for a world outside Savannah, out of his recollections of a happier past in New Orleans, would come his need to identify with Armstrong and, stronger still, his need for a son. In real life, when Oliver and Armstrong had played together in Chicago, he had adopted the brash young cornetist from New Orleans, and the youth had responded, calling him "Papa Joe." Then, they had needed no more kinship than that of the streets of New Orleans. When I arrived at the gate, the sentry looked at me disgustedly: "Hell, you forgot to get the pass countersigned!" It took the rest of the morning to get out, headed back for Savannah. On the way back into town some of Oliver's old and gone and faraway loneliness came back again as I recollected passages from the last letters he had written to his half-sister in Harlem.

—*From "Jazzmen."*

KING OLIVER'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND

Johnny Dodds, Baby Dodds, Honoré Dutrey, Louis Armstrong, Joe Oliver, W. M. Johnson, Lil Hardin at piano.

Connie Wimberley (left) and an NAACP man before pool-room Oliver worked in.

They had told how Oliver had come into Savannah, still hoping to pull a band together and get out on the road again. Then the discovery that he had high blood pressure, and the admission, "I may never see New York again in life." Through January, February, then March 1938 he had presented a dogged optimism in the face of increasing difficulties: "Look like every time one door close the Good Lord open another." Then, dating from the evenings he spent with Dilworth, another shaft of frankness: "Well, the only wrong I do is chase women and that I'm not the only man doing. Not only that it's been going on since Adam and Eve days. But I've always had the greatest esteem for my home."

THERE was another letter that began, "I open the pool rooms at 9 a.m. and close at 12 midnite . . ." That gave me another person to see—Pop Wimberley, a gray-haired, dignified-looking man with thick, beetling eyebrows, a broad mouth, prominent nose, thin, nervous fingers. He was sitting close to the window at Louise's lunch room on West Broad, going over books with a man from NAACP.

"He was a nice kind of guy," Connie Wimberley began, leaning back a little, his eyes half-closed. "I had lived in New Orleans—oh, around 1903, 1906—and we used to talk about *those* days. 'Savannah's all right,' Joe said to me once, 'but New Orleans—that's my *heart* city!'

"Times were hard, you know, around 1938—you would pinch more for salt. He used to hang around the

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THE VANISHING FEMALE JAZZ-SINGER

—*Herman Leonard.*

Beverly Kenney—"rebellious jazz instinct."

By NAT HENTOFF

THERE is more semantic warfare among appreciators of jazz than exists in the *Congressional Record*. The oldest, deepest (and seemingly sempiternal) controversy involves the definition of jazz itself. Those who feel neoclassicist Turk Murphy is a legitimate jazzman are apt to balk at Charlie Mingus's muscularly dissonant experiments in the name of modern jazz. Similarly, there are adherents of the Modern Jazz Quartet who remain resolutely skeptical concerning the jazz authenticity of Dave Brubeck. Further confusion has been added in recent months by the arrival of such ambitious but depressing hybrids as Don Shirley, the Australian Jazz Quartet, Johnny Eaton, and the relentlessly appalling Argentinian "jazz" pianist Villegas.

Nowhere, however, is the tourney of definitions fought more fiercely than in the parched arena allotted to female jazz singers. Not since the early 1940s, when Sarah Vaughan began brilliantly to vocalize the instrumental flights of such penetrating modern jazz innovators as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, has there been a new major female jazz singer in the land. A current result of these long years of distaff drought is the impatient looseness of the term "important jazz singer" as it is being applied to numbers of attractive young ladies who do indeed record with and sometimes appear in clubs in the company of jazz musicians, but whose right to be welcomed immediately as singers of the major league stature of Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day, and Sarah Vaughan, among others, is more likely to be seriously upheld by the American Civil Liberties Union than by long-term jazz musicians or civilians.

Four representative examples of the present-day attempt by managers and record companies to make Bernhardts out of Janet Leighs are: Teddi King, Chris Connor, Helen Merrill, and Carmen McRae. These four, let me make clear, do sing jazz at times, but their position as leading current aspirants to Valhalla indicates how lean the harvest is these years.

Teddi King was recently proclaimed by RCA-Victor in a series of trade paper fanfares as "one of the world's great women." (If only Eleanor Roosevelt could sing.) Miss King, who once gave unusual promise of having the capacity to transform her voice into a warmly improvising, swinging instrument, is now a careful polisher of quality show-tunes in supper clubs and a not-so-careful belter of penny-dreadfuls in recording studios. Her sound is cool and clear; her intonation is faultless; but her relationship to, let's say, Billie Holiday is somewhat like that of Morton Gould to Bela Bartok.

Chris Connor, who recently signed with Atlantic to the accompaniment of anticipated heavy grosses, is huskily derivative of a dominant school of female jazz singing that began happily with Anita O'Day but became steadily more static as distorted by June Christy, and now Miss Connor. As is also the case with Miss Christy, Miss Connor's intonation can often be most kindly described as exotic. There are times when Miss Connor can be convincing, but these occasions occur most often on recordings, a circumstance which leads to a suspicion of busy *post-facto* tape splicing. In person, unfortunately, Miss Connor is becoming more and more rigid in her determination to crush all songs into the same Procrustean hammock. It is true that a jazz singer's voice must be instrumentalized, but not to the extent that the lyrics of the songs she attacks struggle through as if translated from the German or chanted by a confirmed Dadaist.

Helen Merrill, the property of EmArcy (a Mercury subsidiary), is more of a jazz singer of depth than either Miss Connor or Miss King. She sings with passion and with what the workers in the ranks term a good beat. Her emotional range, however, is too frequently limited to overcooked *Weltschmerz*, and her diction too is rather ripe. Actually, Miss Merrill needs mainly to leaven her tears with a degree of the joy and tensile play of emotions that are also prime ingredients of jazz in order to increase her chance of longevity in the discographies.

CARMEN McRAE is the oldest and best of the four and is more accurately a Margaret Sullavan than a Janet Leigh. Carmen's long apprenticeship as an intermission pianist as well as friend and confidant of several direction-setting modern jazzmen has provided her with a strong background in instrumental jazz, a feeling knowledge that has to form the basic nourishment of all jazz singers. Miss McRae has a lightly swinging beat, a secure and imaginative feel for linear improvisations, delightfully supple phrasing, and a "sound" that is individual and arresting. She is not, however, likely to ever be elected to the Pantheon. Like John Crowe Ransom in American letters, she is an excellent minor artist.

There are several other young ladies of varying merit and ambition in jazz vocal jousting. The tasteful but small-scaled Jeri Southern is really in a cozy category of her own, re-

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cently emulated to some successful extent by Julie London, who is even more of a miniaturist. Jeri is a nonpareil at her dimly lit specialties, but she is certainly no Fitzgerald nor is she close to the vintage Vaughan. Jackie Cain is a charming prestidigitator at making an essentially average voice do Indian rope tricks, and her partnership with her pianist-singer-arranger husband, Roy Kral, is a wondrously stimulating one; but like Miss Southern, the Cain-Kral team has cleverly constructed its own special niche, the relationship of which to full-strength jazz is peripheral.

One young jazz singer, the newest of all, may have the strongest potential. She is Beverly Kenney and records for Roost. Her advisors, however, unfortunately so diluted her first album with bloodless accompaniment and bland selection of material that it took all her rebellious jazz instinct to pierce through the sticky barrier of cuteness.

There are also several sturdy blues singers still extant like Dinah Washington and the even more guileless Big Maybelle. But the blues and gospel field necessitates a separate essay. I would not argue though with anyone who wanted to call Mahalia Jackson, the eminent gospel singer, one of the very best contemporary jazz vocalists.

In essence, however, for durable female jazz singing, one still has to return to those of the history-makers who are still alive. And there too, all is not as it was. Miss Fitzgerald remains a phenomenon of rhythmic and tonal dexterity, but like pianist Art Tatum, her emotional roots are often planted in shallow ground. Miss Holiday, most recently an autobiographer as well as singer, is frequently tired these lengthening nights, but to this wholly hypnotized listener she remains the monarch of all jazz vocalists.

Sarah Vaughan has learned the joys of owning several Cadillacs and, as a result, much of her singing time is spent with strings in manufacturing musical candy-bars for teenagers. Her jazz singing has become more and more an exercise of technique and florid filigree work. But when Miss Vaughan is of a mind to sing for real, and for other musicians, she can still sound ten feet tall. Anita O'Day, who has been stumbling in limbo in recent years, shows signs in a new album for the Verve label of a remarkable renaissance. It is to be hoped that she sustains her resurgence, for she is very much needed.

The originals are diminishing in number and strength. Thus far mostly girls and very few women have been sent to take their place.

THE MEASURE OF "BIRD"

The unique Charlie Parker, a year after his death.

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

IT SEEMS to be a maxim that men of artistic genius, like noisy, iron-toothed beavers, must first flatten the traditional, which they both understand and deprecate, before they can construct the original. Joyce casually disassembled the Victorian novel as if it were a pickled frog, and replaced it with an eccentric structure that is still being admired and absorbed from the surrounding debris. In jazz, which is a lot younger than the novel, there have similarly been only Louis Armstrong, Chick Webb, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie "Yardbird" or "Bird" Parker. Of these Parker, who played the alto saxophone and who died a year ago this week at the age of thirty-four, unconsciously laid about him with the greatest force. Indeed, modern jazz—the area he helped define—far from reassembling something fresh and better out of the bones and bricks he left behind, is still, in large part, sitting up with his tattered ghost.

It is generally true, too, that great artists cannot even shave without invoking some sort of irony. Parker, for example, died a poor man in a countess's New York apartment. A wonderful wooden statuette of Parker, carved by Julie MacDonald, looks like a ballooning wine captain and has little to do with the short, mute-faced man who only became swollen because he was ill. A memorial concert held for him in Carnegie Hall a few weeks after his death became a bespangled barge of uneasy jazz musicians and braying show-business people, and caused a great deal of internecine anger among its sponsors, all of whom admired him tremendously. Dozens of eulogies have been written, frequently in a choking, miasmic prose that Parker might not even have understood. Birdland, a spacious, unattractive Broadway nightclub, was renamed in 1949 in his honor, and became, shortly before his death, the scene of an embarrassing public rumpus which he staged and which terminated later in the evening when he

—*Herman Leonard.*

Billy Bauer, Eddie Safranski, the Bird, Lennie Tristano.

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swallowed iodine and had to be sent to Bellevue. Finally, of course, there is the irony of Parker's music, which has been myopically copied by almost every self-respecting young musician in jazz.

The result is that Parker's worth and scope as a revolutionary have been widely and wildly misinterpreted. He was, to be sure, a revolutionary, but only in a narrow sense. There are many other contemporary jazz musicians (Charlie Mingus, Jimmy Guiffre, John Lewis) who are, in the strict sense of anarchy, overthrow, and replacement, far more adventuresome. Parker, for example, did not bring new materials into jazz, experiment with new instruments or instrumentations (the ensemble work on his record dates was generally simpler in texture than that of Jelly Roll Morton), or enlarge and unflex basic jazz structures. What he did do, though, was impose in a rather old-fashioned way highly personal melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic forms on the oldest of jazz materials, the blues, which he was more at ease with than anything else. For Parker, aside from the highly original technical complexities of his style—which *are* revolutionary—was in the tradition of singers and instrumentalists like Joe Turner, Red Allen, Ben Webster, and Bessie Smith, to name a few, who have yearned in all of their work to express the blues as something knotty, lyrical, provocative, and, in an exaggerated sense, the Biblical gnashing of teeth. As a result, Parker attacked his materials in a brooding, stark way that emerged, often as not, in unmistakably poignant terms. He was, as well, something of a counterrevolutionary; while be-bop was taking on, in the mid-Forties, a form that has today logically evolved into a cool, oblique, and somewhat hairless music, Parker was, during all of his career, a very hot jazzman.

APPARENTLY Parker's celebrated style was utterly his own invention. Musicians have said, however, that he played like Lester Young in the early Forties and Parker himself once said that he learned much from a near-legendary alto saxophonist and clarinettist named Buster Smith. (He also claimed that he took up the alto saxophone because it was the instrument of his favorite singer, Rudy Vallee.) The heart of Parker's style was its unceasing and uncanny projection of surprise. It was composed, principally, of long and short melodic lines, legato and staccato phrases, simple one-two-three rhythms and intense Stravinsky-like rhythms, a sometimes whiney tone and a rich, full-blooded sound, as well as that rare thing among jazz musicians, an acute grasp of dynamics. The magic, however, was the stomach-punching combinations that Parker could, at lightning speed or in the languor of a slow blues, manipulate these contradictory bits and pieces into. He would occasionally, for instance, begin a meditative blues by announcing, exactly like a preacher unbuttoning his first congregation-freezing thunder, a simple, strident, five or six-note phrase that might be followed by a sudden one or two-beat pause, and then, perhaps, by a much longer phrase with a thrusting run or glissando in it, so that the listener, even by this time, had been caught off balance three times—by the terse bump of the first phrase, the unexpected pause, and the launching of a long flowing sentence. A further ingredient was his genius—it was indeed that—for cockeyed rhythms that wrenched the basic four-four beat that moved along beneath him (or tried to; Parker was an intensely persuasive stylist) into every conceivable combination short of the waltz and the mambo. Again, his extraordinary harmonic sense enabled him to combine freely left-field and traditional chords. Thus, he could construct a melodic line which might moved as placidly as a bee in flight, until suddenly he inserted a chord so flatted yet so queerly logical it made you grit your teeth—with annoyance and pleasure.

Parker's personal life has been amply broadcast as a shambles of broken marriages, broken business engagements, dope addiction, heavy drinking, poverty, loneliness, and artistic frustration. (Parker's last years, like those of John Barrymore, who was reduced to exchanging bad jokes about himself over the radio with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, were a medley of abortive jobs with string ensembles and solitary jaunts on which he often relied on whatever accompaniment was on hand.) In fact, Parker's life was, for what it is worth, much like that of the late Dylan Thomas. Both had about the same amount of talent. Both were in their thirties when they died. Both were modified revolutionaries. Both had a maximum and highly daring creative approach to the basic *content* of their particular mediums. Both had damaging twists in their personalities that were bathed in either dope or alcohol. Both gave overgenerously of themselves in their work. Both loved and hated their homes, their families, and their work.

Parker was born in Kansas City, which was, at the time, notoriously corrupt, as well as the cradle of much of modern jazz. After a few years of high school he became a professional musician, and in 1937 joined Jay McShann, who had a big, elbowy band that resembled the early Basie aggregation. He stayed with McShann, off and on, until 1942. Midway in this period he visited New York for the first time. After leaving McShann he worked with Earl Hines for a year, playing side by side with Benny Harris and Dizzy Gillespie. A year later he joined Billy Eckstine's big band, and after that, until the time of his death, played with a large variety of small groups in which could usually be found such musicians as Miles Davis, Max Roach, Gillespie, Al Haig, Bud Powell, John Lewis, and Lucky Thompson. (Unlike Bix Beiderbecke, Parker rarely had to put up with a type of musician that Eddie Condon once described as "blood-relative sounding.") Parker made his first record in 1941 with McShann, and on his own, with a small group under Tiny Grimes's name, in 1944. His mature career, then, lasted just a little over ten years, during which he made only 100 or so records. He never earned much money, and while Dizzy Gillespie, who is a canny businessman in addition to a great musician, was in *Life* and was being hailed the leader of the be-bop movement, Parker was recovering from a breakdown in a California state hospital. He was until a few years before his death little known outside of the jazz world, which must, for all its worthlessness, have nettled him.

TODAY, one cannot buy a modern jazz record without hearing, however palely, the spirit of Charlie Parker. The time may come, of course, when modern jazz musicians, who are notoriously parochial creatures, begin to absorb and enrich themselves with a knowledge of the older traditions of their music, as Parker always did. They may also realize that Parker, whose technical tricks they have pretty well mastered, regarded jazz as a music which, like the dragon, can breathe fire. Then the wreckage can be swept away and the ghost of Bird put decently and sensibly to rest.

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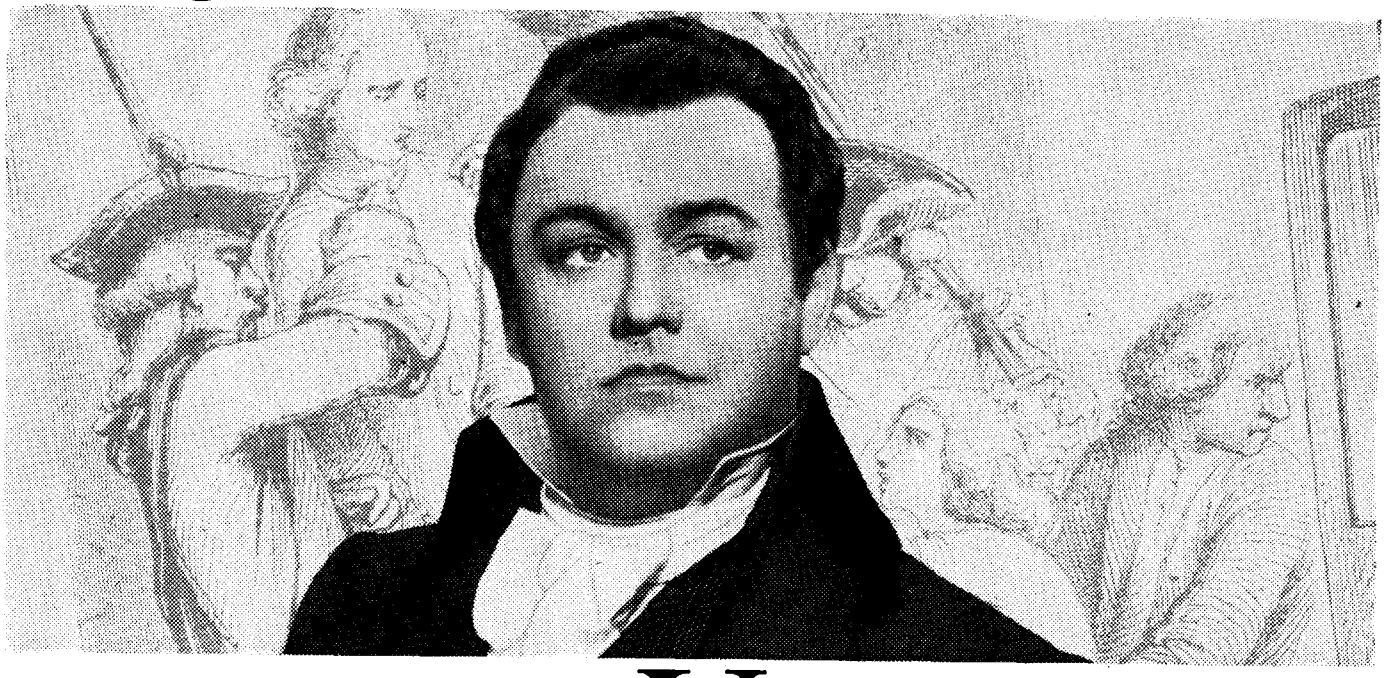

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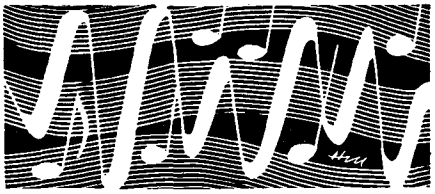
JAZZ PIANO, TODAY AND TOMORROW



By BILLY TAYLOR, *one of the best-known contemporary jazz pianists.*

IN RECENT years many new and exciting modern pianists have appeared on the jazz scene. Here are brief analyses of the styles and qualities of ten of them, some of whom are well known, some of whom have yet to be "discovered." I have chosen them, out of many other wonderful pianists, because it seemed to me that their styles provide a good cross section of the wide variety of conceptions that are presently being developed on this instrument in jazz.

Jazz, for me, is a means of personal expression, and the ability of the dynamic Chicago pianist, **Dick Marx,** to express himself musically has stamped him as a figure to watch. Marx uses modern harmonic devices exceptionally well, and because of excellent technical facility can execute many interesting polyphonic ideas. A highly respected teacher of music as well, Marx has been a big influence on many Midwest pianists. His touch is firm and sure and he can toss off a bravura passage with the ease that comes only from a solid pianistic background.

No one, however, has a more solid background in jazz piano playing than **Hank Jones.** Yet, despite his having been featured with Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Jazz at the Philharmonic, and in many modern small groups, it is only recently that he has begun to receive recognition. Chiefly through the efforts of a-and-r men like Ozzie Cadena and the many hornmen, young and old, who swear by his swinging, rhythmic support, Hank is at last being heard to good advantage both on records and in person. His style shows a strong Art Tatum influence, but rhythmically and melodically he is closer to the Charlie Parker tradition. An extremely versatile musician, Hank always plays in a subtle fashion. He is one of the few modern jazzmen who play both block chords and single finger passages with a light, musical touch.

Many modern jazz pianists have developed solo piano styles, but take away the support of bass and drums and few of them are as exciting as **Dave McKenna.** One of the major problems of modern jazz piano is the wide disappearance of the left hand. McKenna has avoided this by developing a single-note bass line comparable to that used by modern bass players. He also uses in the left hand a type of broken tenth chord usually associated with Teddy Wilson. This innovation gives his work a swinging beat which is lost in too many modern solo piano performances. On occasion his right hand will play passages slightly reminiscent of Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, but the general feeling of his style is more closely related to that of Bud Powell.

The Bud Powell influence, is, in fact, one of the most commonly encountered ones in modern jazz piano, and one of the best pianists in the Powell tradition is a young Detroit pianist named **Barry Harris.** Barry's touch is more similar to that of Hank Jones than it is to that of Bud Powell, but he articulates his notes in the hornlike fashion that Powell, in the mid-Forties, made popular. Together with his good melodic and harmonic conception, Harris has a tremendous beat and often achieves a subtlety of phrasing akin to that of Milt Jackson, the vibraphonist.

Another pianist obviously inspired by Powell is **Horace Silver.** Horace, however, has simplified and reshaped the Powell melodic and harmonic approach to fit his own personality and technique, and in so doing has emerged as a distinctive stylist who, though still growing, is already being imitated. A prolific composer and arranger, Horace puts the accent on unadulterated swinging, and though his melodic lines are generally shorter and more riff-like than most modern jazz pianists, they have a certain terse quality which is very personal and very effective. The percussive manner of playing behind other soloists and the hornlike solo lines are demonstrated in his work with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

A few months ago, while playing at a concert in Atlanta, I came across a young musician with the improbable name of **Phineas Newborn,** who is one of the most exciting pianists I have heard in a long time. He has tremendous technique and swings in a fashion not unlike Oscar Peterson. He uses his left hand extremely well both melodically and harmonically and can build chorus upon chorus with remarkable ingenuity. Ideas in octaves, thirds, and block chords literally leap from his fingers.

One of Marshall Stearns's informal concerts at Music Inn, in the Berkshires, served to introduce me last summer to the work of **Randy Weston.** Though Randy's style shows many influences, the most obvious one is that of Thelonius Monk. Like Monk, he has a fertile imagination and a keen sense of humor. In addition, he has developed a very relaxed manner of articulating his phrases that is distinctive and expressive. His fine technical facility, a swinging beat, and his simple way of developing ideas make his style unique and highly personal.

A few seasons ago, while working in Le Downbeat Club, in New York, I heard for the first time a young English pianist named **Ronnie Ball.** He had not been in the country very long at the time, but he played with authority and was soon developing rapidly. Jobs with Chuck Wayne, the guitarist, and Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, sharpened his jazz perception. After listening to and studying with Lennie Tristano, as well, he emerged with a style which, though melodically and rhythmically closer to Horace Silver, shows a definite harmonic relationship to Tristano. His touch is percussive and his lines are well developed and cleanly played.

AFTER playing for several years with groups led by men like Jay Jay Johnson and Kai Winding, and Tony Scott, **Dick Katz** became the leader of his own trio a few weeks ago at the Club Bohemia in New York. Dick has a style which has been influenced to a great extent by the playing and writing of John Lewis. His melodic lines are well thought out and even his most swinging passages have a delicacy rarely found in modern jazz pianists. Like Lewis, his playing has a fresh, almost classical sound and his sensitive improvisations reflect a perceptive and inventive mind.

A pianist with a unique style, **Jimmy Jones** has been all but overlooked by writers and musicians alike. Jimmy's unusual harmonic conception has influenced men of such violently opposed musical conceptions as Errol Garner and Lennie Tristano. It is so euphonious, however, that much of the movement of the inner voices of his chords is lost on the casual listener. An excellent arranger, Jimmy is able to create tonal colors on the piano comparable to those of the Duke Ellington orchestra. His harmonic patterns are frequently impressionistic and his melodic lines are lyrical and well developed. He has a fine beat and his whole musical approach is the epitome of subtlety.

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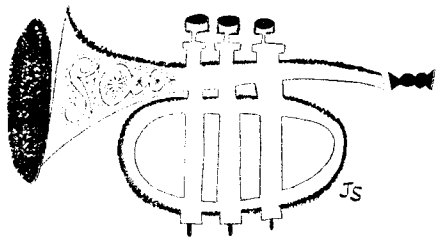
HODEIR ON JAZZ



By WILDER HOBSON

SPLENDID event in musical criticism in this month's publication of André Hodeir's **"Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence"** (Grove, $3.50), as translated into English by David Noakes (the French title was "Hommes et Problemes du Jazz"). This seems to me not only by far the finest work on jazz I have read, but an esthetic exercise of such range and quality as to make it required reading for anyone who looks for broad musical comprehension. Hodeir is a prizewinning graduate of the Paris Conservatory, as familiar with his Buxtehude as with his Beiderbecke. He is a lean, muscular, orderly prose stylist, and a man of balance who can say "I want very much to stress . . . that to me the riches of jazz, however precious, cannot for a moment match the riches of contemporary European music." Whereupon Hodeir devotes himself with surpassing skill exactly to the preciousness of the best jazz and to its relation to other music. His book is notable for vivacity of spirit, for sobriety and sophistication of opinion, and for a learned dissection of the changing structures of jazz. The musicologists may well take notice.

The forty-odd recorded years of jazz show the restless formal experiment and development which are to be expected in any of the arts. I have often thought of jazz in architectural terms —thus, Doric (Bunk Johnson), Ionic (Bix Beiderbecke), Corinthian (Louis Armstrong), Composite (Roy Eldridge), Baroque (Dizzy Gillespie). The game may be frivolous but it is, I think, suggestive—let us enjoy all periods but remember that the times do move. Hodeir loves the ardent early jazz men—need I cite King Oliver's Creole band?—but in the matter of aping them, as so many youngsters have tried to do, I am squarely on his side: "Jazz could remain what it was in King Oliver's time only if colored people had remained the same. A static kind of music would correspond to a static society. Can anyone seriously claim that this has been the case? Isn't it evident, on the contrary, that the vertiginous evolution of jazz can be explained only in terms of the no less vertiginous evolution of the Negro in America?"

Here I should immediately explain that Hodeir's critical emphasis is not sociological; it is persistently esthetic. He is talking about the distinctive musical imagination, its natural appetite for new and striking forms, and its constant search for that food. No student of musical history should find it strange that the two-beat rhythmic emphasis of early jazz should have given way to the subtler four-beat basis of the swing period, and that contemporary drummers should be introducing into the four-beat atmosphere all manner of eccentric refinements, including the Afro-Cuban vocabulary. Jazz melody was bound to move from the relatively simple strains of the early blues toward the scintillating elaborations of the school of Charlie Parker. Jazz harmony was certain to swallow the Debussyan whole-tone scale and deploy into the areas of extreme dissonance, polytonality and atonality. The young jazz men of today are often thoroughly trained in harmony, theory and counterpoint; their instincts have carried them into these studies; they have insisted on maximizing their musical resources.

Hodeir takes all this up in specific terms, with the kind of analytical clarity we have come to expect from French criticism at its best. He makes considerable use of musical notation. The work is based on a division of jazz into five periods, and while Hodeir's terminology is rather unusual, I find his scheme very pertinent. Herewith, a thumbnail reduction of it:

1) Primitive Jazz: up to 1917. This is the pre-phonographic jazz of rumor, of legendary New Orleans figures such as trumpeter Buddy Bolden.

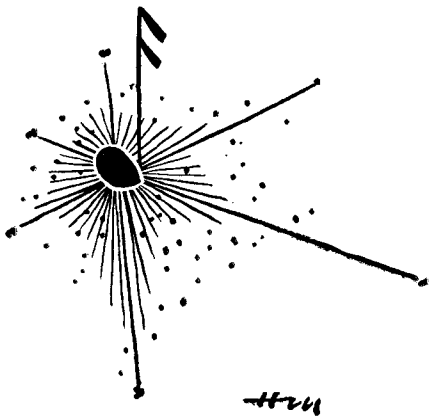
2) Oldtime Jazz: 1917-1926. The New Orleans style is transplanted to Chicago, and Louis Armstrong emerges as the most creative figure and strongest single influence in the history of the music.

3) Pre-Classical Jazz: 1927-1934. The swing style (with a shift from the two-beat to four-beat rhythmic basis) is in gestation, with such superb large bands as those of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington.

4) Classical Jazz: 1935-1945. The swing style matures, with a galaxy of artists. Among professionals the dominant influence was almost certainly Count Basie's band, and his tenor saxophonist Lester Young virtually founded what came to be known as the cool jazz school.

5) Modern Jazz: 1945 to the present. This is a mixed and confusing grill in which the jazz vocabulary is elaborated even to the point of twelve-tone composition. Hodeir discriminates between the modern tendencies known as be-bop, cool, and progressive; like most modern jazz-men he salutes the late saxophonist Charlie Parker, leader of the be-bop forces, as the most brilliant modern figure, but notes that his influence has been a great deal less evident than that of Lester Young. Hodeir's discussion of these two master improvisers is among the high points of the book.

HODEIR would scarcely be a French critic of the first water if he did not attempt to define the essence of his subject. What is jazz? At this point it is customary for someone to quote Louis Armstrong's remark to the effect that if you have to ask what swing is, you have no way of knowing. But the modern wing of the Paris Conservatory does not propose to be put off so glibly. Hodeir, like many before him, finds the essence in the rhythmic momentums known as swing and in the hot manner of playing. But he proceeds to elucidate these terms with the utmost aplomb. Space prevents anything like a fair suggestion here of his anatomy of swing, which involves five component elements including a rhythmic "infrastructure" and "superstructure." Hodeir is also fully aware of the importance of such intangibles as "relaxation" and "vital drive." He is a French formalist, but he is not a pedant. I have certain disagreements with his taste in specific musical instances, but that does not seem to me important in reviewing the volume. I cannot fault the book as a work of elegance and remarkable penetration.



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This Month's Goodman

By IRVING KOLODIN

IF SOME enterprising manufacturer could contrive a recording of the Mozart Clarinet Quintet with Benny Goodman as soloist and Mozart on fiddle we could wrap up all the current jubilees in one package. Until that happens, however, we will have to keep track of the competing anniversaries separately, now that it has been determined that 1956, as well as being the year of "The Benny Goodman Story" on film, is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut as a bandleader on records (Columbia, that is).

That is not strictly true, but if Columbia wants to make it the occasion for reissuing, under the title of "The Vintage Goodman" (CL-821, $3.98), a dozen sides from the 1931-34 period it is all right with me. In addition to such items as the "Beale Street" and "Basin Street" blues on which Jack Teagarden performs so inimitably, plus "Moonglow" and "The Dixieland Band," which have been in reasonable availability through the years, the collector or the historically-minded jazz-fan will welcome a chance to catch up with "Riffin' the Scotch" (which anticipates the "Loch Lomond" vogue), "Your Mother's Son-in-Law," and "Why Couldn't It Be Poor Little Me," in which Billie Holliday made her entry on the record scene, "Music Hall Rag" (merely an uptempo "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise"), and several other oddities.

By comparison with the effort RCA Victor has expended on enhancing the sound of its material from the 1930s, Columbia has been laggard, not to say remiss. Persons who thought they knew every tick and pop in such a Fletcher Henderson classic arrangement as "Blue Skies" and "Sometimes I'm Happy" will find the present reissues in "Benny Goodman, The Golden Age of Swing" (LPT 6703, $24.94) not only de-ticked and de-popped, but also furnished with a resonance and clarity that add mightily to the appeal of the crisp band work, the scintillating solos, the general health of the musicmaking. Under the direction of William Miltenberg, RCA has raised "enhancement" to a real art, utilizing echo chambers for re-recording purposes so that the end-product actually has overtones not present in the original, dead studio session. However,

"There was a real Goodman way of playing jazz."

from the fundamentals the overtones can be simulated, an illusion that gives special value in the Jess Stacey piano solos, for example, or those of Teddy Wilson. It is, indeed, fortunate that the new items sound so much better than the old, for the collection (some fifty items) with all its gold—"Small Hotel," "Where or When," "Louise," "Rosetta," "'S Wonderful," etc.—has a fair amount of the dross the band was turning out when recording schedules, doublings at hotels and theatres, plus broadcasts, were physically too much for all concerned. For all that, the collection is unique.

In a sense RCA Victor has robbed Peter to pay Paul by depriving the large (five-disc) album of such prime items as "Avalon," "Sing Sing Sing," "One O'Clock Jump," "Bugle Call Rag," "Don't Be That Way, etc., in order to make up an "original" parallel for the sound track of the featured matter in "The Benny Goodman Story" (RCA Victor LPM-1099, $3.98). Needless to say, everyone of these performances is outstanding, featuring the band at its freshest and free-est. And the enhancement has been carried out with such skill that the sound often gives the illusion of contemporary hi-fi.

Something of equivalent content has been contrived by Columbia out of the "Carnegie Hall" album previously issued and the so-called second "Jazz Concert" (which, in reality, was material from broadcasts). This is called "The Great Benny Goodman" and, again, offers the titles mentioned for Victor LPM-1099, plus such others as "Memories of You," "Moonglow," and "Down South Camp Meetin'," etc. Moreover, both the Carnegie Hall concert and the Jazz Concert No. 2 have now been reissued in single-disc sequences, so that the purchaser may buy the group of selections that appeals to him (CL-814, 815, 816, 817, $3.98 each; Nos. 817, 818, 819, $3.98 each for the Jazz Concert No. 2).

So far the material under consideration is of the time when the action of the picture was coming into being, though of course, it is *not* the music actually heard in the picture. For this, one must turn to Decca DLs 8252 and 8253, $3.98 each, in which Goodman has the assistance of not only such durable notables as Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Alan Reuss, Hymie Schertzer, Babe Russin, Chris Griffin, brother Irving Goodman, Harry James, Murray McEachern, and Mannie Klein of earlier Goodman association, but also such able new talent as George Duvivier (bass), Blake Reynolds (alto sax), Stan Getz (tenor sax), Conrad Gozzo (trumpet), Urbie Green and Jimmy Priddy (trombones). It all has the sheen of the Goodman style at its best, though, obviously, twenty years have changed the temperaments and musical personalities of Wilson, Krupa, and James somewhat. The perennial Hampton is merely better than ever, and those ensembles in which he participates ("Moonglow" and "Avalon" especially) are new classics in the mold of the old.

IN ADDITION to the basic ten packaged by competitors, Decca's soundtrack job provides twenty-one items in all, each strongly identified with some phase of the Goodman career. Oddly enough, for all the prominence given to "And the Angels Sing," Ziggy Elman did not blow his own famous chorus for the soundtrack: that chore was done, brilliantly, by "Emanuel" (as the label has it) Klein. Peerless sound, of course.

In the new material made by Goodman for Capitol (independent of the soundtrack but utilizing James, Hampton, and Martha Tilton) much of the propulsion and enthusiasm for playing which animated him in the old days is again evident, also his skill in getting a band to play together, in time and in tune. What has changed most of all, of course, is the clarinet sound itself, which is broader and harder than it used to be, and rarely of a really warm or mellow timbre.

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In a Paul Muni-ish package called "Mr. Benny Goodman," Capitol (S-706 $5.95) offers the same ten basic tunes noted above as featured in the film, plus half a dozen others—"Shine," "It's Been So Long," and "Good Bye." It may be noted that when he plays melody these days (as in "Memories of You" in this collection with the impeccable Mel Powell), Goodman inclines to use more notes and embellishments than in other times, when the simple statement of the idea was made affecting by the way in which it was projected. On the other hand, in another Capitol collection of current date called "The Goodman Touch" (Capitol T-441, $3.98) he gets into a vein of tonal elaboration of "The Lonesome Road" (with Tommy Todd, piano, Tom Romersa, drums, and Harry Babasin, bass) that is distinctly individual, likewise on "Fine and Dandy" in which Ernie Felice, accordion, is added to the former quartet. The riffs are all carefully worked out, of course, but the performance itself is turned out with dazzling neatness and real verve. Strangely, too, in the "Mr. B.G." collection the old arrangements are played with more lightness, almost delicacy, than before.

Finally, Steve Allen—who plays Goodman in the film—has himself produced a compilation of the Basic Ten (in this case, eleven) in which he cozens the keys of the piano rather than those of the clarinet. Inasmuch as the ensemble includes such practised Goodman band-hands as Vernon Brown and Lou McGarity, trombones, Billy Butterfield and Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets, Hymie Schertzer and Toots Mondello, saxes, plus Edgar Sampson as arranger (he was the composer-arranger of "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Don't Be That Way"), the results are more than moderately authentic. They are, in fact, rousingly good.

The summation is perhaps obvious. Unlike the Glenn Miller story, where the *band* was the soloist, the Benny Goodman story is one of soloists who were, collectively, a band. Where they are good—and they mostly are here—the results are not only generically absorbing, but individually fascinating for the differences they reveal. Anybody with a mind for comparisons and contrasts could spend a month checking and cross-checking the likeness and differences in the many duplications of basic material. Yet he'd have to come away from it with the conclusion that there was a real Goodman way of playing jazz which may not have been schooled, but certainly has produced a school of players. When "teacher" is around, others can be made to play the same way, too. And now, class is out.

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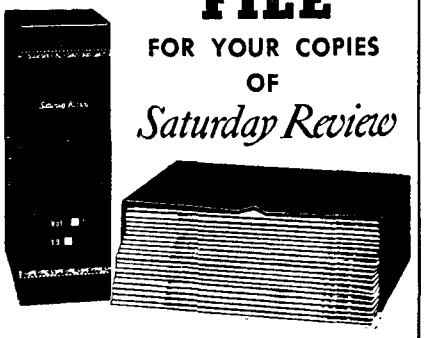

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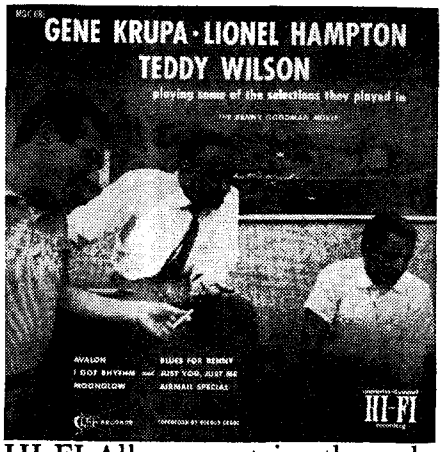

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Musicians' Battle

Continued from page 29

adds so materially to the cost of producing new TV films that producers prefer to film 80 per cent of their product with imported soundtracks, thus throwing the Federation's membership into suicidal competition with European labor. The situation is similarly inequitable as regards records, he holds.

In January, before an international executive board convening in New York City, Read presented a list of requests from Local 47 for revisions in trust fund operation. To his suggestion that they be taken up at the Federation's Convention this June, Petrillo is reported to have replied: "Read, with all my power, and prestige, and position—if I tried to present this before the Convention, they'd knock my brains out."

In a rather more formal statement to Local 47, Petrillo declared "These requests have for their ultimate purpose payment to the musicians, not the trust fund. If this were done, it would harm musicians throughout the United States generally, and kill the trust fund. The only ones to benefit would be the recording artists, who are already among the best paid of the Federation, and whose mechanistic product is the principal reason for widespread unemployment."

Such unemployment, according to Read, makes the trust fund invaluable as a political "slush fund" to keep Petrillo in office. "The Musicians' Union is an unrealistic organization, and always has been," says Read. "Local 47 has some 15,000 members, only about 3,000 of which are actually employed. I have figures to show that only 19 per cent earn $3,000 or more a year. Another 54 per cent have earned absolutely nothing from music for several years. Of the Federation's 250,000 members, an immense number are inactive, but retain their union status because the dues are kept low to encourage a large voting membership.

"Trust fund dividends are distributed on a per capita basis to some 700 locals throughout the country. Of these, the two largest, New York and Los Angeles, have a maximum each of only ten votes. Smaller locals up to 1,000 members also have from one to ten votes each, so you can see why it is politically expedient to spread the trust fund around."

The local flare-up was touched off when Los Angeles delegates to a recent regional conference in Bakersfield (Calif.), authorized by Local 47 to protest handling of the trust fund, drafted instead a resolution condemning all forces seeking to weaken or destroy it, and categorically approving Petrillo's policies. Fear that reprisals might be taken against dissident members prompted the action to remove president te Groen temporarily from a position in which he would be forced to carry out any Petrillo directive.

In Chicago, Petrillo declared the issue is "whether the many or the few are to benefit from the wise and honest administration of a trust fund which today supplies some $2,000,000 worth of free music every year to charitable organizations, veterans' hospitals and other worthy causes." He said the money is contributed by the makers and users of recorded music to a trust fund operated by an independent trustee (Samuel Rosenbaum), appointed by and responsible only to the industry.

Read, declaring that neither he nor his supporters are opposed to the trust fund, but only to the way its usage reflects the autocratic power of Petrillo, says, "We do not wish to withdraw, or to be expelled from the Federation. But we will no longer submit to the dictatorship and policy which has ignored the rights of musicians and permitted the union to deteriorate to its present state. Much has been made of the fact that Petrillo is not afraid of us. The important thing is that we are no longer afraid of him."

In any case, both factions expect a prolonged court battle, which will probably cost the local treasury $150,000 before it's over, in the opinion of suspended president te Groen. Routed out of bed for a midnight statement, te Groen, a personable man of pacific tendencies, said, "I'm not against the men getting more of the money, but I'm not in sympathy with destroying the trust fund. Naturally I'm on the side of Petrillo. Why? Simply because you don't kick your father in the teeth. We've got a parent organization, and a responsibility to it. I've sworn to uphold its bylaws and constitution, and I'm not going to desert it."

Despite their differing allegiances, both te Groen and Read seem to be in substantial accord. Neither wants to see the trust fund destroyed; both feel a more equitable share is due the musicians whose labors keep it filled. The aggressive action now taken by the anti-Petrillo faction is calculated to force court examination of the whole question—a step which may result in the revision of existing copyright laws to afford the performing musician similar protection to that now given actors and writers.

—Mildred Norton.

King Oliver

Continued from page 31

pool-room. Then one day he asked if I could give him a job, something to help out. Well, there was no job, so I told him, go ahead, do what you can, sweep up now and then, and I'll give you what I can. I was at 528, then. Well, he closed up the grill, one Saturday night. He was not in on Monday. Then some one told me, 'King Oliver died.' I gave his salary to the undertaker. It was a small amount."

This would have been oblivion, if King Oliver had just died, "a peculiar type of old man," with nothing ever accomplished but what they knew of him in Savannah. They probably thought he was a little touched, when he talked about days when he brought Louis Armstrong to Chicago. Or about the records he had made—for Columbia, Victor, Paramount, Okeh, Vocalion, Brunswick, Gennett—and how they had sold. Perhaps they could have believed him, if they had seen it in print anywhere.

But all they heard was the proud talk of a querulous man of fifty-three who swept up a pool-room on West Broad in a ragged suit of clothes. Unlike Bunk Johnson, unlike Jelly Roll Morton, he didn't live quite long enough to tell his story to anyone who would listen. And perhaps even *he* wouldn't have believed it, years later, when they started playing his tunes again.

One of the strangest things was that even then his music was not wholly forgotten. In 1936 Louis Armstrong had recorded "Dippermouth," a composition for which they shared credit, with the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. On September 6, 1937, within a few days of Oliver's arrival in Savannah, the highriding Benny Goodman Orchestra had recorded the same tune, as "Sugarfoot Stomp," for Victor. The jukes must have been grinding them out, his own tunes, whenever he stepped out of the shabby rooming house at 717 and headed down West Broad for a coke at Candy's Bar.

YET IN one of the two trunks that sat in his room there was a letter from a music publisher. It explained, very carefully and very regretfully, that royalties had dropped in the last few years. "I'm almost ashamed to tell you," the publisher stated, in effect, "that we've gone over the books and all that's coming to you is one half cent." The half cent was there, a postage stamp held by a rusty clip across the publisher's letterhead. It was still there, almost a year and a

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half later, when the trunk was opened in a dark, crowded Harlem flat.

Since then historians of jazz and collectors of King Oliver's recordings have established enough facts to make his place in American music secure. Most recent of the works devoted to this task is "Jazz Monographs No. 1—King Joe Oliver," published 1955 by Walter C. Allen of the United States and Brian A. D. Rust of England, at Belleville, New Jersey (162 pp., $2). In it there are listed all records made by Oliver. Some 186 titles were issued under a variety of labels, and a few more were recorded but not released. The listing of music titles copyrighted by Oliver, sometimes in collaboration with others (Louis Armstrong, Lil Hardin, Paul Barbarin, Alphonse Picou), is perhaps even more significant. A total of some forty-nine compositions remains to his credit.

Something of the scope of his work must have dawned upon some one in the music business, for on April 16, 1937 (a year to the month before his death), a letter was sent to Oliver from the Music Corporation of America requesting him to name some of his tunes for the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. They may never have received an answer to that letter; if they did, no benefit ever accrued to Oliver. It would have been a proud list: "Chimes Blues" ("Mournful Serenade"), "Dippermouth" ("Sugarfoot Stomp"), "Canal Street Blues," "Working Man's Blues," "High Society," "Camp Meeting Blues" ("Creole Love Call"), "Snag It," "Every Tub," "Dr. Jazz," and "West End Blues." Take these away, and jazz of the early and mid-Twenties would have lacked some of its finest moments, both on and off records.

The written music could stand alone as accomplishment, placing Oliver in the company of Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Clarence Williams, W. C. Handy, and James P. Johnson. But Oliver was a cornetist and bandleader, too. The influence of his Creole Jazz Band, exerted broadly over an upcoming generation of younger musicians, both white and Negro, was both vivid and fundamental. Summing it up, Louis Armstrong wrote his impressions in a forthright book, "Satchmo": "No one had the fire and the endurance Joe had. No one in jazz has created as much music as he has. Almost everything important in music today came from him."

Since he died in poverty and neglect, it seems fair to ask how it could have happened. His health failed rapidly, and he could not get adequate or prompt medical care because of his race, in Georgia. Negro organizations and Negro individuals who might have come to his assistance lacked both the resources and the influence of white organizations devoted to the same rehabilitation. The Depression may have disappeared around the corner in the North, but its severe effects could still be felt on every street in the South. When it comes to royalties from his compositions, Oliver *must* have been short changed by his publishers. It would have taken a lawyer to straighten all this out, and it was a time when no one thought very hard about a jazz musician down on his luck.

Perhaps things have changed. There seems to be more interest in jazz. Some musicians are beginning to be respected. Others, Louis Armstrong included, are being shipped abroad as sonic cultural representatives. As it was, Joe Oliver's last trip was something short of a cultural milestone. "They shipped him north," the undertaker related softly, "in a very cheap box."

The B-Hive

By CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

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A TAUT tone scrapes a scarred mute,
Sucks at the beat. Way out. Low.
(Home is where the ickies go.)
This horn draws blood.

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Wait. Weave. Spiral to a climb—
Washed wet blown blossoms: time-
torn
Song from soft thunder.

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dynamic everyness,
the only movement
with an up-gut thrust.

pre-cooled entrails
are the secret.
a product of . . .

this tone won't scour,
they said;
smelling corn

i thereupon
played a slight invention
without looking over my shoulder.

DAVE B.

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A Kind of Grandfather

Continued from page 11

Uncle Arthur entered and the ordeal was over.

Beyond these brief and unprofitable encounters, all our other meetings that I could remember had taken place in the lobby of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre of Varieties. My brother Reggie and I spent nearly every Sunday afternoon of our childhood in the stage box of this theatre watching the matinee. (The law did not permit vaudeville on the Sabbath, and so these performances were called "Sacred Sunday Concerts." They were virtually the same bills one saw on week days, made sacred only by this change of title.) Once or twice a year, as we were going into the theatre, my father would lead us over to a corner of the lobby where his father was standing. Reggie and I would shake hands dutifully, but neither of us would have the courage to meet our grandfather's eyes for very long. He never said anything, not even volunteering the stale observation: "What big boys you're getting to be!" He seemed as relieved as we were when these short and pointless meetings were adjourned.

Whatever hazy conception I had of him up to the day he died was based on conversations I had heard or overheard as I was growing up. Members of the family had referred to him always as "the old man." They spoke of his predilection for grand opera as if it were a sickness. They told funny stories about him. To my child's ear, sensitive more to inflections than to the specific meanings of words, it was evident that my father, my aunts and uncles and my step-grandmother, his second wife, were all afraid of him. That made me afraid of him too. It was equally evident to me that in a shy and guarded way they loved him. This puzzled me.

People outside the family seemed eager to prove to me how well they knew him. I only half-listened to them, as most children only half-listen to the prattle of grown-ups. "Young man," I would hear from an old man, "I knew your grandfather when he was in the cigar business." What did I care? It did not seem remarkable to me that he had once been in the cigar business. Making cigars seemed an unromantic and faintly humiliating occupation for a boy's grandfather. "What are you going to do when you grow up? Follow in your grandfather's footsteps? You couldn't do better. He's a great man." This kind of talk bored me. What was so great about him? Why didn't anyone ever talk to me about my mother's father, Grandpa Nimmo? He seemed a much nicer man, with snow-white wavy hair and kind blue eyes. He bought me hard candy and took me for walks in the park.

It is possible that my loyalty to one grandfather caused me to resist and resent the fame of the other, but this fame cast a broad shadow and I could never elude it. His picture kept staring at me from newspaper and magazine pages. Sometimes it was a photograph. More often it was a drawing. He was an easy subject for caricaturists. At a time when hirsute facial decoration was on the wane, he persevered with a meticulously trimmed goatee. Almost as permanent a part of his face was the cigar that protruded pugnaciously above the goatee. One more invariable symbol was the remarkable silk hat he wore, day and night. It was a conically shaped topper favored by Frenchmen at that time or, at any rate, by stage comedians impersonating Frenchmen.

As a child I was not proud but ashamed of having so colorful a relative. It seemed he was always "getting into the papers." He would arrive from Europe and announce the roster of great singing stars he had signed for the coming opera season. At another time he would be the center of a stormy fight. His adversary might be the police commissioner of New York, a society leader, or his rival, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House. He would write insulting letters to prominent men and they would be printed in the papers. He would write love letters to women and *they* would be printed in the papers. What was the matter with him? Why couldn't he be like the grandfathers of my schoolmates, nice, quiet, respectable old men? There was one thing I couldn't understand about these other grandfathers. They were always interested in mine. They would ask me questions about him, showing deep respect and admiration for the work he was doing or, at the very worst, affectionate amusement in him as a character. Those who knew him only slightly seemed to be boastful about their acquaintance. I couldn't see why. I couldn't see why he wasn't a pain in the neck to everyone, as he was to me.

WALKING down Park Avenue, from the hospital, recalling these vague impressions, I was astonished to realize how little I knew the man whose deathbed I had just left. I was equally astonished to realize that suddenly I wanted to know him. Perhaps for the first time it seemed safe to try. He couldn't hurt me now. He couldn't humiliate me. The fears and resentments of this remote "old man," developed in my childhood, were no longer a block to our union. It is ironic and sad and strange that I did not begin to understand or like my grandfather until the day of his death. But he was a strange man and so, perhaps, am I.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
FEAR IS THE SAME *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $3.50)	London, 1795-1955 (correct), is scene of involved switcheroo that winds up with Scotland Yard on job.	Dramatist R. B. Sheridan in cast, also Regency bigwigs, lovely and jittery ladies; murder occurs.	Odd number.
MURDER IN HAITI *John W. Vandercook* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Love of money uproots much evil as luxury yacht cruises Caribbean; Lynch of Britain, Deane of US team again.	Polyglot characters abound in amphibious tale that echoes memories of biggest war; smooth performance all way.	Suave and lively.
THREE WITNESSES *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.75)	Trio of long-shorts, all laid in Manhattan, all depicting Nero Wolfe in foul temper but triumphant.	Archie Goodwin unusually active and executive in this bang-bang cloverleaf job.	Fast (and good) reading.
A ROOM AT THE HÔTEL AMBRE *Anthony Armstrong* (Crime Club: $2.75)	English miss picks Grade-J right-bank inn to see French life close up; gets hell of a scare, also boy friend.	Secret-weapon plot focal point of conventional but pleasant cloak-dagger number; death not on holiday.	Agreeable.
SUDDENLY A WIDOW *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.75)	Retired Conn. adman closes last account; cops quiz relict; local MD also gravely concerned.	Pace and plot excellent until end nears; some readers will find climax mathematical, disappointing.	See under Summing Up.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

people, each of them caught in a different way in the holocaust of 1939-1940 and after. The Estonian army captain who first fights the Russians, then (with them) the Germans, then the Russians again, only to be taken prisoner by them and upon his escape be interned by the Americans—the tortuous and bewildering experiences of this captain represent a fair example of those that all of this book's characters have to live through. An enormous power of characterization would have been needed to do justice to the sufferings—and, in some cases, the weakness or for that matter the wickedness—of ten men and women so utterly different from one another; And only a Dostoevsky could have made convincing the psychological conflicts each of them has to resolve under increasingly estranged conditions. Herr Richter's novel, told in brief chapters, with the scene shifting constantly, suggests a relief rather than lifelike sculpture. The ending—an inversion of the "Grand Hotel" pattern, it gets together all the protagonists—brings a measure of thematic order into the narrative. (But perhaps disorder and senselessness *are* its themes; the title of the book may point in this direction.) Although not a successful novel, then, this is the poignant testimony of an obviously sincere writer, another moving protest against twentieth-century man's inhumanity toward man.

—Robert Pick.

DIXIE BELLES AND SEA-RAIDERS: Lincoln once remarked that if a military general were hung like an ox over a fence the unfortunate fellow would be able neither to kick one way nor to gore the other way. Garland Roark, the author of **"The Outlawed Banner"** (Doubleday, $3.95), has apparently found himself in the same dilemma. In this novel of the Civil War one Lt. James Hillyer, USN, quickly sheds his sympathy for the Confederacy when he sees hard-bitten old Raphael Semmes, who commanded the Confederate *Alabama*, burn defenseless Northern merchantmen. "Henceforth," says Hillyer, "this is a war between us." Unhappily, however, Mr. Roark draws his novel to this clear conflict and then largely dissipates it for the necessities of bosomy fiction. The heroines of "The Outlawed Banner" are Adria Cutler and Faustine Beaumont, both of whom outdo the current crop of Italian actresses in taking the neckline plunge and both of whom are obsessed with discovering if what they hear about the birds and bees is true. And so, with biology busting out all over, it is difficult to decide just how this adolescent staring and mooning and pining and repining is supposed to symbolize the Deep South. We hope it doesn't, for there was a courage in the Southern cause and a sensitivity in Southern womanhood, while all Mr. Roark's novel amounts to in the end is Adria with her sick husband, her two lovers, and a choice to which she is more than welcome.

—Earl Schenck Miers.

ALSO NOTED: "If This Be Virtue," by Paul Batchelor (Holt, $3.50), traces Lisa Dorfman's adventures on the road from innocence to coquetry at a small German court during the eighteenth century. All manner of ruffle-and-lace parlor games are reported in first person in this amusing trifle.

"Love for a Convict," by Veronica Henriques (Dutton, $2.95), records a love affair as it develops through letters and brief personal contacts between an emotionally overwrought girl reporter and a convict who tries to prevent himself from becoming "an enclosed corpse." The ending is abrupt and vague, but Miss Henriques, daughter of the noted British novelist Robert Henriques, exhibits in this maiden effort storytelling ability that bodes well for her future.

"Sing Morning Star," by Jane Oliver (Putnam, $3.75), chronicles the love and marriage of Malcom Canmore, King of Scotia, and Margaret of Hungary amid an eleventh-century setting of military and religious strife. Too much romance and too little history in this latest from the veteran author of "Isle of Glory."

"Hannah Fowler," by Janice Holt Giles (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), casts a romantic look back to the years when settlers were invading Indian country, setting up forts and precarious pioneer settlements, and battling the elements. Most of the action—building, planting, nursing, molding bullets—is seen through the eyes of sturdy Hannah, whose unsettling experiences include an abduction by Indians. Mrs. Giles, a native Kentuckian and author of such "pioneer" novels as "The Enduring Hills," recreates early Americana in engrossing fashion.

"A Woman of Bangkok," by Jack Reynolds (Ballantine Books; clothbound, $2.50; paperbound, 50¢), describes, step by step, Reggie Joyce's exploits in Siamese boudoirs. Once a proper English lad, Reggie goes berserk in this new-found world, attaches himself to a notorious whore who fortunately deceives him, and stumbles back to a degree of normality. Now that Mr. Reynolds has relieved himself in this intensely anatomical

splurge perhaps he can settle down to making more substantial use of his writing talents and his long-standing familiarity with the Far Eastern scene.

"The Dominant Note," by Victor White (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95), is the story of a young inventor interested in electrical charges who applies a metaphorical one to his artist-father, who had abandoned him to chafing illegitimacy. Mr. White arranges a plausible revenge for the young man, having him win his father's inamorata; later he sheepishly discovers that the old man is a grand guy. The setting for all this chit-chat and much-ado-about is a bohemian colony in New Mexico.

"At the Edge of the Shadow," by Elizabeth Bacon Rodewald (Lippincott, $3.50), follows a middle-aged wife and mother as she slowly descends to the bottom of the bottle. How she retrieves herself from alcoholism by searching self-analysis and sheer will power is simply and sympathetically narrated by the author.

"Madam Will You Talk?" by Mary Stewart (Mill-Morrow, $3.50), takes readers to Southern France, where English widow Charity Selborne meets her new husband-to-be just as a Continental racketeer is about to erase him for having been witness to a crime. This first novel, originally published in England, where it was well received, is a slickly-plotted bit of diversion.

"Saddlebag Parson," by Sara Jenkins (Crowell, $3.50), is the story of a roving Methodist preacher of the 1820s who wields both gun and Bible in a war against Florida's traffic in slaves and marauding Indians. Miss Jenkins's routinely-told tale follows the pattern of her earlier preacher-novels such as "Beating Wings" and "The Brand New Parson."

—S. P. Mansten.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Bustopher Jones: the Cat About Town" (T. S. Eliot). 2. "Philip Sparrow" (John Skelton). 3. "The Pebble Who Has No Toes" (Edward Lear). 4. "On a Night of Snow" (Elizabeth Coatsworth). 5. "Gammar Gurton's Nedle" (Mr. W. S., M. A.). 6. "The Boston Cats" (Arthur Macy). 7. "1 Henry IV" (Shakespeare). 8. "Two Songs of a Fool" (W. B. Yeats). 9. "To a Cat" (John Keats). 10. "The Owl in the Attic" (James Thurber).

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Language Front in China

Continued from page 10

strokes in each ideograph—also is no innovation. But pre-Communist simplification sought to preserve the basic association of ideas present in each character through its choice of elements for the simplified character. It may be doubted whether the Communists are as careful to maintain the same parallellism, particularly where the ideas involved are unwelcome.

The present characters in Chinese were evolved through perhaps 3,500 years of non-Communist life and thought. Many of them have built-in and readily recognizable concepts of human relationships which well may give Comrade Kuo and his colleague the old *bourgeois* shudders.

Two unavoidable examples:

The character *Wo,* for "I" or "me," appears to portray an upstanding individual with a sword buckled on—apparently symbolizing an individual ready and able to take care of himself and rather astonishingly embodying the modern psychological concept of the ego. The proof of just what the Communists mean by language reform will come when they "simplify" such characters. They may, of course, leave *Wo* alone. On the other hand, they have a remarkable opportunity to disarm the individual by removing the sword, and either reduce the whole thing to arbitrary and meaningless squiggles or replace the sword with some symbol that will depict the individual as a proper instrument of state and party.

Again, the Chinese word *hao,* for "good," is written with the combined symbols for woman and child. The common assumption has been that the most typical "good" thing the Chinese could think of in the human cosmos was the relationship between a mother and her baby. The Communists are all for motherhood, but during the past six years they have devoted much time and energy to convincing mothers that part of their new equality consists of leaving their babies in day nurseries while they go off to work in field and factory. At the same time children have been taught to inform on their parents and generally abhor the old "feudal" concepts of filial devotion. As the Communists see the language, countless such anachronisms must lurk in every printed page.

NO COMPLETE brainwashing of the language is likely to come off, therefore, until the ideographic nature of Chinese has been eliminated and some sterile phonetic system takes its place. And it is the vivid, idea-conveying quality of the Chinese ideograph which makes it urgent for the Communists to get it out of circulation and replaced by less meaningful but more manageable phonetics. While they justify alphabetization as necessary to "Socialist progress," they still feel it imperative to hold out the promise that Kuo Mo-jo gave the national conference—that old style Chinese "still would remain alive, studied by scholars."

It seems reasonable to suppose that when the time comes the number of scholars with access to the old language can be controlled and isolated if necessary from the rest of the population. In the meantime the ordinary Chinese may have left to him only a language which has been purged of ideas the Communists find objectionable.

By their hesitant resolve to work "toward alphabetization" the Communists show rather plainly they realize how difficult it will be to wean Chinese away from a system of writing which has been a unique medium of more than 3,000 years of cultural grandeur. The dismal history of the many attempts to Romanize Chinese for the transliteration needs of business, diplomacy, and education reflects the profound Chinese disinterest in the whole idea of spelling their ideas out in phonetics, which have no meaning in themselves, rather than picturing them in ideographic symbols.

As the most highly developed ideographic language known Chinese has a dynamic force and attraction all its own. The outpouring of Chinese prose and poetry which followed the inventions of the soft writing brush and paper probably never has been equaled by any alphabetical language—certainly not in richness of imagery.

It is no accident that Japanese and Koreans still write classic poems with Chinese characters, despite the fact that both countries evolved their own phonetic writing system at about the same time they learned Chinese. The Japanese still are dependent upon Chinese characters, interspersing them freely among their own *kana* phonetics for purposes of clarity in most of their writing. Japanese has fewer homophones than Chinese, but it is still necessary to supply through Chinese ideographs the *meaning* of the phonetics.

The Chinese Communists can be expected to make considerable headway in standardizing the spoken language. This is a natural tendency of long standing, sharpened now by better communications, and consistent with the high national consciousness of the Chinese people. But to brainwash the oldest and one of the richest written cultures in the world means affronting that same national consciousness and its pride in exquisite and honored accomplishments. Peking radio's guarded account of the whole program suggests the Communists are entirely conscious of such hazards, and that they are approaching them with the same caution and method which enabled them to gain control of the world's most populous nation in only twenty-eight years of political existence.

Lost River

By Rosalind Levine

NO ONE I talk to has ever seen its waters
Quietly at work among the roots of houses,
Tributaries climbing to the light
Or traveling northward to emerge as roses.

Neighbors remember geraniumed cellar windows
Sinking into the slanted pavement, heave
Of pumps at night. I met a woman once
Whose whole life changed when she was forced to move.

Try to imagine sometime how it happened.
Stare at the fenced gap where the tenement was—
The sodden walls, the floor pushed up in slopes,
The wrecker's drill and now this plot of grass.

Or think back further: "Here the Indians traded
And dipped their oars and saw their own reflections'
Astonishment. These sidestreets flowed through woods!"
Till shells of buildings give you back the ocean.

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GOING?

SPRING IN LONDON: *Blooms Among the Blitz*

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

LONDON.

WITH the great *Blitzkreig* more than a decade's memory away, London remains pitted and scarred. For the second time since the Great Fire of 1666 the face of a city has been reminted in a cauldron of greedy flames. Behind hoardings for CinemaScope or fresh insurance schemes, elegance of edifice and sharpness of design have returned; the seed beneath the stone stirs.

Buds that have been pressed down beneath macadamized surfaces burgeon anew. No longer do the root-systems that have warped themselves into a tightening woof of steel-netted concrete reflect the architectural chaos above; instead, through the conflicting masonry, they break into the light. Day by day the immense and simple lines upon which Dunbar's "flower of cities" was first planted grows into proportion; once more London has life—and has it more abundantly.

On week-ends, as well-thumbed pages are turned, memories catch; nineteenth-century novels tell of when Ealing was a village, or Brompton noted for its laid-out gardens. Students from Yale or Cape Town, beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, gazing towards the river muse upon new styles of architecture; the eye of a needle; a change of heart. London's unreclaimed bomb-sites, as they slope towards the Thames, are like falling terraces. As leaves and sprays tumble over walls, a fresh ivy covers the old ivy of smoke that a century's industry has bequeathed the brickwork. In the end nature defeats the human disfiguration. Through the cracks in the asphalt jungle there bursts a wild, coarse bracken. The rubble is alive with shoots, eager and greedy for the sun.

In the springtime I have watched the fingers of a fern slowly dislodge a tin. At first tilted in the stone coiffed floriations of a broken arm of column, the familiar tidings of fresh garden peas lay securely stamped on their paper band. Here was the tin's bindweed, the guarantee of no trouble, no pods. Each morning the offer was renewed; unseen each morning green fingers made the arm extend it further. Came the fall! The tin broke loose of the bindweed, the band snapped open. Rain pulped the paper, restoring to it a virgin innocence such as it had when it first left the forest. Again rain had washed the tin, restoring to it a sanded shrine such as it had when first mined.

These are perhaps parables, bridges across time and place and history. They are perhaps the modern revised versions of the seed that fell on barren ground, the flower beneath the foot, or the fern that broke through stone. For not since the 1860s has fern been so abundant—and then (as the records show) it was largely confined to the keeps and walls of the Tower. Yet throughout the ages "the spirit bloweth where it listeth"—and so have these spores of bracken. They have been born of fire—perhaps dropped from the wing of an enemy plane or disseminated when sandbags

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burst after a shelter had suffered a direct hit.

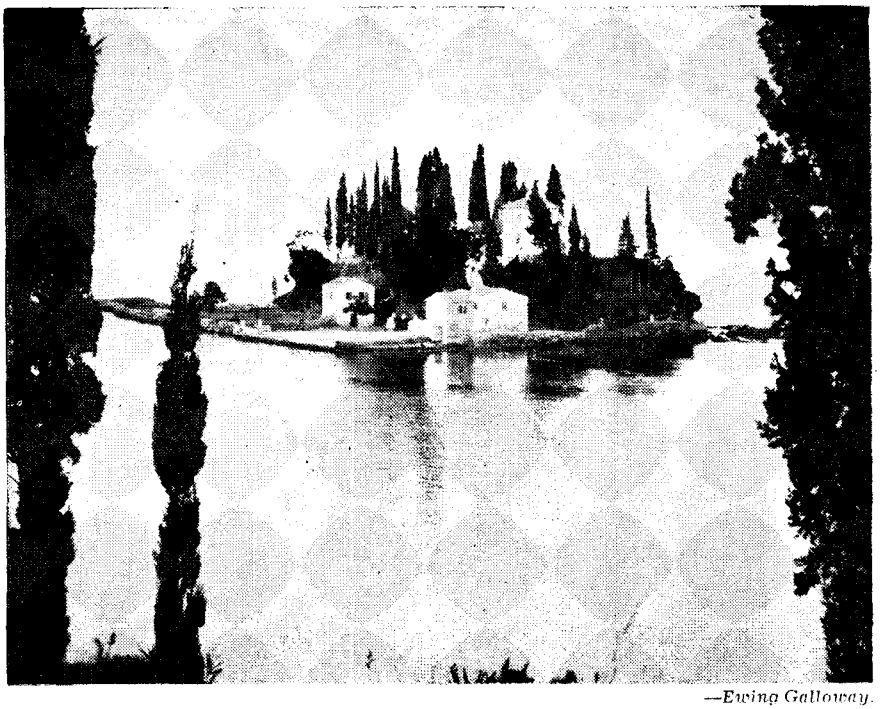
Today, in these hanging gardens of the Thames, children devise their own games as once they did upon the mud flats of the river at low-tide; and now, like then, they keep a wary ear cocked for the heavy-footed tread that means a policeman. Yet coal at a farthing a bucket is no more their quest, but nests—the eggs of wheatear or whinchat, wren or redstart, sedge-warbler or spotted flycatcher. For under the planking, between the fencing, little figures as clipped and quick as sparrows dart and flit. In the ruins they search, their prying eyes finding out the botched joinery where a carpenter, overanxious to knock off, ill-planed the wood and drove the nails to rest. Small fingers catch and are grazed, revealing the hidden ill-work of twenty years ago.

Yet for others there is a less adventurous scrambling. Sedate dons and their wives pace the aisles where once they had stooped to take rubbings, but where now the same graves gape—their empty pits alive with a mass of ragwort and Canadian fleabane. Here where the broken arches still leap towards each other, where no glass breaks the rays into parables of light, isolated groups wander.

Into the forest of lopped stone trunks some have brought baby ciné cameras, while in the far corner a young man in blue pinstripe consults a diary; as he does so and turns the money over in his pocket so for a moment his trousers loose their knife-sharp crease. Another half year nearly gone and another season's fertility left unpruned. No matter! it is midday and all is well; no bats, no owls. Yet the sun is already declining and in a few hours it will be dusk. An ant upon a single grain of corn, willowy and yellow, will mark the division.

Under a new moon and safe in the glow of the street-lamps, hurrying couples keep their course by the river. Dry-docked the ruined church lies bound in a Sargasso of tendrils; everywhere the lichen has turned to a black fuzz. Sound travels lightly—a twig breaking, a mouse scurrying, a man yawning. Unconsciously eyes turn towards the graveyard, the sleeping tombs; the old inscriptions tilt drunkenly at different angles as when the blast first lifted them. Some stones have been heaped against the buttresses, others have been rolled back leaning dangerously over the road. Texts might have been resurrected for the occasion. On the slab above me in fine Gothic print I pick out the words

> . . . seeds of life beneath the sod
> Smouldering and struggling till
> the Judgement Day.



—*Ewing Galloway.*

Corfu Idyll—Villages no bigger than an escargot, islands wooed by nightingales, nooks by Matisse.

Ideas for an Idyl

FRANCE: Collioure in the Pyrenées-Orientales, a village no bigger than an *escargot,* on the Mediterranean between Perpignan and Barcelona. It has three small protected beaches, cafes by the *plage,* a strange old quarter, a Château des Templiers (it has memories of the Crusaders), and a museum of paintings (it has memories of Matisse before his Moroccan period). The Barcelona-Perpignan train and the bus from Perpignan will get you there. Figure a scant forty miles to Prades, where Casals will perform with cello in July (see calendar). Figure about $5 to $6 a day full pension in the Hotellerie de la Fregate, the Auberge de la Balette, and the Hotellerie des Templiers.

FAROE ISLANDS: They belong to Denmark but they sit in the sea above Scotland. Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and even English are understood, but the official language is Faroese. The population is 32,000, most of whom trace their lineage back to Norwegian Vikings who arrived about 1000. They still wear national costumes every day. Spring comes when the oyster catcher, a black-and-white bird with a long red beak, appears, and by summer the days stretch to twenty daylight hours and the four hours of night are hardly dark at all. Ship service from Copenhagen, from Leith, from the Shetlands, and from Iceland. Two hotels in Thórshavn, small hotels and private apartments in the parishes whither you can whiz by motorboat. Bring your own acquavit; there is none for sale on the islands, but you must secure a "spirits card" even to drink your own import.

ITALY: Malaria, the scourge of Sardinia, as yet an undiscovered island, has finally been whipped, and the place is about to come to life. It lies directly under Corsica, west of Rome, and stretches for 162 miles on its long, north-and-south axis. The beaches come in a variety of hues between pink and white; old Roman roads are still in use; oranges, cherries, and olives grow on the hillsides; and the landscape is dotted with 7,000 towers that are 4,000 years old but nobody knows who built them. Cagliairi, the capital, is older than Rome, has a pink beach called the Lido di Poetto, nearby a white one called Bay of the Moon. It also has memories of D. H. Lawrence and a fondness for *taccule,* boiled thrush flavored with myrtle. Peasants still live in lion cages under a Roman amphitheater, hot springs bubble in the hinterlands, the Sard ladies from the mountains still bathe in petticoats, and the island gave the world *sardonic* and, for all anybody knows, Sardi's. It's all about as big as Maryland and you get there in an

(*Continued on page* 60)

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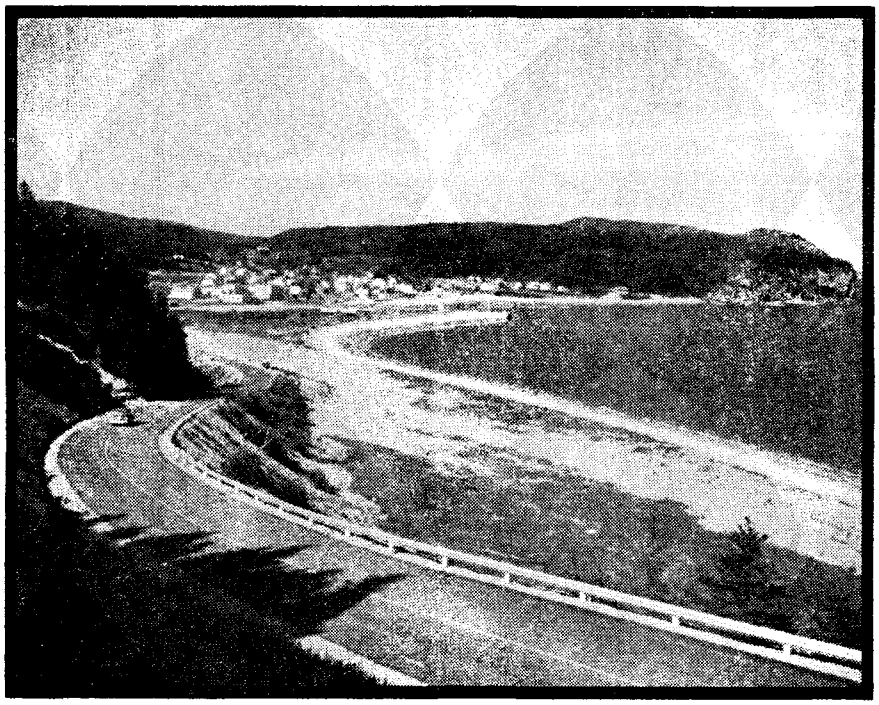
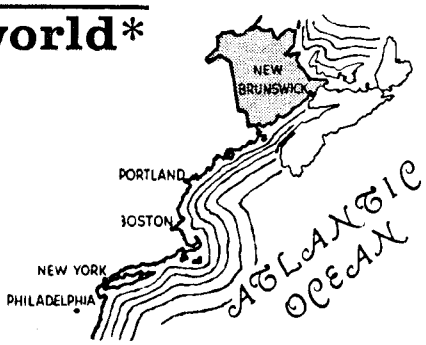
In all your travels, here's the shortest drive to a completely different world*



Gateway to Fundy Park, showcase for Canada's "Picture Province" by the sea



New Brunswick, Canada's nearest, easiest-to-get-to maritime province, is only 610 miles from New York, N.Y.—385 miles from Boston—about 700 from Philadelphia. That's not as the crow flies, either, but as your car drives.

And what a *world of difference* those few miles make! The climate, for instance. New Brunswick is delightfully warm by day, cool by night. (Wool blankets are *de rigeur* for comfortable sleep.)

Warning! Women in the party will want to shop in New Brunswick—and why not? You can buy British woollens, bone china and rare antiques at considerable savings while handsome handwoven skirts and suits from the looms of New Brunswick's superb craftsmen can hardly be found anywhere else.

While she shops, *he* golfs. The royal and ancient game is practiced with enthusiasm over courses of great scenic beauty and championship calibre. Visitors to New Brunswick, incidentally, are afforded the fullest of hospitality at every golf club short of increasing par.

New Brunswick has not only a 600-mile sea coast with a number of excellent beaches but it also has more inland waters than any comparable land area in the world. These waters abound with speckled trout, black bass, pickerel, togue, perch, shad, Atlantic Silver salmon (the fish that made New Brunswick rivers famous) and, along the coast, pollock.

Gourmets! A New Brunswick holiday invariably will turn the fussiest eater into a trencherman. Local popular dishes include Shediac lobster, Caraquet oysters, clams and Saint John Harbour salmon. The beautiful rural county of Kings, dairy centre of eastern Canada, will provide the butter for the famed New Brunswick potato (smaller than the Idaho but with a rewarding flavour) and rich, sweet cream for the fresh berries that so often climax a New Brunswick meal. Small fry also claim our ice cream ranks foremost among the world's great treats for a nickel.

One moment, please! There's more, much, *much* more about New Brunswick that you should know. The NEW BRUNSWICK HOLIDAY KIT has been prepared for just that purpose. In colourful pictures and in words, it will provide a thorough introduction to this nearby Canadian province. It's yours for the asking—*simply mail the coupon* NOW.

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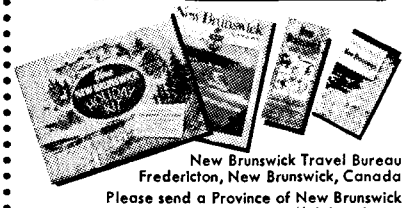

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Canada's Picture Province

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How to Fill an Attic

By DAVID AND MARIAN GREENBERG, *authors of "The Shopping Guide to Europe" and "The Shopping Guide to Mexico, Guatemala, and the Caribbean; Bermuda, Nassau, and Panama."*

ALL OVER Europe in the "Little Americas" of the American Express stateside tourists foregather to pick up their letters of correspondence and credit. Conversation flourishes, even among strangers, in these homes-away-from-home; and although the accent may range from Oshkosh twang to Oglethorpe drawl, the topic is the same.

"Where did you find that handbag?" . . . "I never buy Kislavs at the street level; here's the address of the most exciting accessory shop just one flight up. . . ."

After years of eavesdropping on such exchanges we came to the conclusion that all the time of our countrymen abroad is *not* spent in cathedrals. For most Americans shopping is half the fun. Its joys are not wholly determined by the resources of the buyer and the quest is often as rewarding as the quarry. For the alert and perceptive traveler a country's marts are the barometer of its industry and imagination.

Viewed in this light shopping is not an occupational disease of the Philistines but dynamic research into Europe's creative arts. For centuries the Old World has placed its emphasis on fine craftsmanship, not mass production. Hence, there are no dividends in buying assembly-line items or trashy souvenirs abroad. One should concentrate on handmade or hand-finished articles in such categories as: accessories and apparel, ceramics, fabrics, furnture, glass, hollowware and flat silver, jewelry, lace, leather, linens, mosaics, and wood-carvings.

This country-wise survey can only highlight the chief *buylines* abroad.

AUSTRIA: Preeminent in petit-point, Vienna covers acres of accessories with the minutely stitched elegance of the eighteenth century. Leather goods, knit-wear, and hand-embroidered blouses, as well as hand-loomed peasant-type garments, place the accent upon Viennese chic. Males may go native (or New Hampshire) in Loden coats, chamois pants, Alpine hats, and skis.

BELGIUM: Nineteen types of handmade lace are extant for the embellishment

—By Henri Cartier-Bresson, from "The Europeans" (Simon & Schuster).

Shopper in Europe—"In Oshkosh twang or Oglethorpe drawl the topic is the same: 'Where did you get that handbag?'"

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of anything from pocket handkerchiefs to parlor curtains (is Queen Victoria in the house?). Other specialties include: Val Saint-Lambert crystal, *dinanderies* (the term for vessels of hand-beaten metal), and onyx ornaments in every conceivable and inconceivable rendition.

BRITAIN: Modern bone china, silver, and textiles bear the same hallmarks of fine craftsmanship as do England's antique furnishings and jewelry. The Silver Vaults of London, plus a multitude of street-level shops, seem to contain all the world's old silver for one's choice—and confusion. London has scores of curiosity shops and its bookstores spell Mecca for the collector and manna for the reader. Satin damask table linens from Northern Ireland; tweeds, cashmere sweaters and mohair rugs from Scotland; English worsteds, coverts, and doeskins hold the line against upstart miracle fabrics. British tailors and drapers still set fashions in men's clothing; we observe a discreet silence about feminine wear. Possibly a new Norman invasion is required? "Weatherproofs"—not waterproofs—are on tap for all comers and palpable non-clansmen may don the kiltie and plaid.

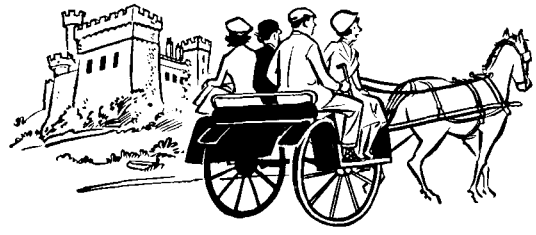
EIRE: Giving no quarter to shamrocks, shillelaghs, and other stereotypes, we commend Irish tweeds made up into jackets and suits, poplin ties, handwoven stoles, and couturier clothes. Irish table linens and upholstery fabrics have been restyled and even the delicate Carrickmacross and Limerick laces have undergone a facelifting. Rare Georgian silver and old Waterford glass are featured in Dublin's antique shops. Duty-free liquor is the all-time favorite at Shannon Airport.

FRANCE: Most Parisian fashions are for the few who can afford to take them out of the *haute couturier's* mouth or out of the posh *boutiques* on the Rue St-Honoré and its snob-sister street, Faubourg St-Honoré. This leaves most of the traveling public to window shopping, cognac, and Chanel No.5. Gloves, bags, scarves, and ties are fairly reasonable. Householders will find something of value among Daum and Baccarat glass and lead crystal, Saint-Louis paperweights, and Limoges porcelain; the contemporary ceramics and furniture and antiques. Explore the Left Bank for these and for works of art, prints, and art books.

GERMANY: If it has a lens buy it in Germany. This takes in a lot of territory, from cameras to field glasses. Add cutlery, ceramics, fine china, and glass; hand-woven fabrics and furni-

(*Continued on page* 63)

Wear a bit o' the green



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CRUISE

Featuring a specially-arranged tour of the Imperial Palace Inner Garden in Tokyo

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—By Henri Cartier-Bresson, from "The Europeans" (Simon & Schuster).

Dedicated Diner—Serious eaters are only one brand of hobbyist for whom special-interest itineraries have been arranged this summer.

Peregrinating with a Purpose

TAKING the Grand Tour isn't enough. Now, should you be a speleologist you can probably find an underground tour of Europe, if you're an ichthyologist you can find an underwater tour. As a matter of fact there is an underwater tour this year in this random selection of specialized trips available on the Continent this summer.

LONGBOWMEN/WOMEN

Modern Robin Hoods and Maids Marian will have a chance to display their talents for twenty-one days on the Air-France-Fugazy Travel Bureau bow-and-arrow hunt which begins April 8. French Equatorial Africa is a far cry from Sherwood Forest, but there are more legitimate targets. Safari leader is Vander Kogel, eastern representative of the National Field Archery Association, and experienced hunter-guides armed with rifles will be along to insure protection. All-inclusive cost is $1,868.

PALETTEERS

Students and spare-time artists will be shown around selected galleries, museums, and churches, with side visits to craft workshops and artists' studios, by Minna Citron, whose own reputation as an artist is international. There will be discussions with artists and designers on new developments in method and technique, plus free time for browsing and following individual interests. Tour leaves New York by Scandinavian Airlines System May 31, and covers Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, and France before winding up in London in early July. Cost: $1,238.

MILKMEN/MAIDS

The moon will doubtless lower itself a mite to make it easier for the cows who want to show off a bit between May 23 and June 26 when some thirty dairy executives and their wives come calling on them. The group will inspect all the important dairying areas of northern Europe and sample milk and cheese products of every variety, sipping and nibbling their way through England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, and France. There will be receptions by local dairy officials, ample sightseeing and shopping opportunities. A Continental American Tours-Sabena Airlines offer, at $1,395.

FLOWER-SNIFFERS

We've counted four tours of Europe's most famous gardens, flower shows, and horticulture centers planned for this spring, including a special Camellia Tour. Under the leadership of Frank Griffin, editor and publisher of *Camellian* magazine, this group will visit private gardens and estates denied the usual visitor, in addition to bulbfields, nurseries, and greenhouses throughout Holland, Belgium, Paris, and England. The tour, as arranged by the Jean Berke Travel Service, will

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last from April 21 to May 24. Cost, including two-way KLM Royal Dutch Airlines crossing, is $1,390.

Followers of the "Flower Trails of Europe" with Paul Carroll, Houston florist and authority on flowers and their care, will travel between April 25 and May 30—also by KLM. The tour price of $1,499 includes "Happy Day Insurance" in Holland, each member getting a return of $12 per day each day it rains more than three minutes between 11:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. while there. No fair seeding the clouds.

Adrian Frylink, executive director of the Horticultural Travel Foundation, will guide his group to the best exhibits in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and England, introducing them along the way to leaders of European horticulture. Official luncheons, dinners, and receptions have been arranged. The Dee Travel Agency is handling this one, with transportation via Sabena Belgian World Airways (April 22-June 3, $1,530; April 22-May 16, $1,130) and the S.S. *Ile de France* (April 14-June 9, $1,295; April 14-May 21, $895).

Special receptions and the gardens of Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, England, and Scotland await the arrival of the World Travel Center's month-long tour, which begins April 28. It will be led by Inez Turner Burkett of the Garden Center of Cleveland. Total cost: $1,598.

DUFFERS

Golfer Gene Sarazen will make the rounds with a group of twenty-three fellow enthusiasts on a three-week tour of his nineteen favorite courses in the British Isles and France. When not digging divots tour members will have private sightseeing excursions arranged by American Express at their disposal. In addition, they will have the opportunity of watching their leader compete in the British Open at Hoylake, July 4, 5, and 6. The group leaves New York via Trans World Airlines on June 23. Accommodations are all first class with expenses totaling $1,596.

TRENCHERMEN

Connoisseurs Nancy and André Surmain will share their intimate knowledge of France and its culinary specialties, along with their friends and their friends' chateaux, with a select group of twelve who'll rendezvous in Paris July 10. All menus have been planned in advance, and travel is exclusively by Cadillac limousine and deluxe motor coach. The twenty-seven-day luxury tour will circle France leisurely, stopping "wherever there is a place to see." Cost: $1,395 from Paris back to Paris.

MUSIC-LOVERS

Two seven-week tours composed for the delight of music-lovers are scheduled for July 11. With Dr. Henry Levinger, chief critic and editor of the *Musical Courier*, on the podium one group will fly by KLM to the Holland Festival, Glyndebourne Opera, Rome Open-Air Opera, Verona Lyric Season, Salzburg Festival, Munich Opera Festival, Bayreuth Wagner Festival, Lucerne Festival, and Edinburgh Festival of Music, Drama, and Dance. Visits with performing artists and glimpses behind the curtains promise to evoke many *bravos*. Arranged by Mayfair Travel Service, with rates at $1,750, $1,586, and $1,195.

Vocal Educator Bernard Taylor escorts the other festival-hopping group, which will sail July 11 on the M. S. *Italia*. Cost: first class, $1,445; tourist, $1,230. American Express credit plan available.

FILM-FANCIERS

Picture-takers will have their chance to hold up the group without con-

(*Continued on page 64*)

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EUROPE BY CAR: How to Rent, Buy and Resell

A Selection of Some of the Plans Available for Tourists Who Would Travel by Automobile

Company		Plan
AAA		To get the tourist show on the road, the American Automobile Association is supplementing its old service of arranging for the shipment of your own car to Europe or the rental of one abroad. You can now make your choice from a range of *foreign* makes and plans (many listed below).
ATESA	*Plan A:*	The Spanish branch of Europa Bus, Autotransporte Turistico Español, offers all sorts of private tours with or without multi-lingual (it says here) chauffeur. Tour costs (higher of course than motor coach) include luxury and first-class hotels and sightseeing en route. Five to seven, exclusive of driver, can ride.
	Plan B:	Simply *hire* a car (European or American), with or without multi-lingual guide. You may have a trailer attached if you like, but since the roads in Spain were apparently made for bulls instead of cars, I'd keep it neat.
AUTO-EUROPE, INC.	*Plan A:*	Buy the unlimited *use* of a new European car for one to six months. You pay only for depreciation, based on the length of time you use car, plus a little for the bank.
	Plan B:	*Buy* a new car for one to six months, with company's promise to rebuy it with dollars. Rates here, too, are based on length of time you use car. It turns out to be a larger initial investment but lower final cost.
	Plan C:	Buy a new car which you can actually ship home at the end of your trip. Advantage here is lower European factory price.
	Plan D:	Hire a car. Charges based on mileage and on each day's use can run up, so this is only valuable for a short period and if you don't plan to go far.
AVIS		"Fly," says Avis, so you can take advantage of their at-the-airport car rental system. Just identify yourself, show your driver's license, and be smilingly assured that the car is yours for as long as you desire. You'd best remember that you're paying by the day, and extra for each excess mile. Rates vary with country and type of car selected.
CITROËN	*Plan A:*	Citroën's first plan would make all but the most daring recoil. It's European delivery of their deluxe model for $3,285, with an eventual refund of $735. Costs you $2,550.
	Plan B:	This one, fortunately, is more usable. You pay $950 for a new four-passenger convertible (fifty miles to the gallon), and the company's Paris factory will buy it back at the depreciation rate of $95 for the first month, $15 per week for the next two months.
	Plan C:	Best yet is this, their finance plan. You pay the flat rate of depreciation for your planned period of usage. For example, the small Citroën will cost you $175 for the first month, $295 for a three-month period. Only hitch is you must pick it up in Paris and return it there.
FIAT	*Plan A:*	Just plain buy it. Smallest model costs $954, plus $21 registration, largest is $2655. FIAT'S trying, all right.
	Plan B:	Buy it, with the right to sell it back within ninety days provided you make all the curves on the Amalfi Drive. Depreciation rates boil down to $2.20 a day, $3.44, $4.80 and $7.30. Delivery under either plan must take place in an Italian FIAT branch, or in London or Paris.
FINE CARS, INC.	*Plan A:*	The Ford Abroad Division of Fine Cars, Inc., has an offer which will make you catch your breath instead of buses. They give you a package tour—*and a new English-built Ford to keep!*—for the same total cost as an ordinary bus tour. The number of people in your party and length of your tour influence prices, but the lowest is $1,098 per person for thirty-three days. This is with four in the car, and it might be smart to decide in the beginning which one keeps it.
	Plan B:	*Buy* a new tax-free Ford which operates American style, but has the English price tag of $789 to $1,621.
RENAULT		A French Renault can meet you at shipside no matter where you dock in Europe—a nicer welcome than if the mayor turned out! For $995 it's yours, and Renault will buy it back at the end of your trip. It costs you $125 depreciation for the first month's use, $75 for the second, and $50 for the third. An easily maneuverable car which also gets fifty miles to the gallon. (One woman went through Switzerland in one on $3!)
ROOTES MOTORS	*Plan A:*	Trade in your old car for a new Hillman, Sunbeam, or Humber, to be delivered abroad. You save $28 to $100, including shipment home, over what you'd pay for the same car here. Advantageous if that's the kind you'd buy anyway.
	Plan B:	*Rootes* will buy car back if you decide not to keep it. The Hillman Sedan sells for $1,386, but you can have $1,060 refunded anytime within one to three months. Thus, your cost is $326. Alternatively, you pay only the $326 plus a small carrying charge.
	Plan C:	Rental rates for the short-term visitor are on a weekly basis, allow unlimited mileage. Rental cars must be delivered in Britain, but can be returned in any country. British rates for the Hillman Sedan are $65 for one week, $195 for four weeks, $560 for twelve. They're higher outside Britain.

—J. J.

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Pfennigs from Heaven

TO HELP him spend his money abroad this summer an American can can spin a dial, push a slide, flip a celluloid folder, or thumb through a vest-pocket booklet any of which will tell him the dollar equivalent of such thing-a-ma-jigs as escudos, kroner, dinars, or drachmas. Besides these currency converters, the money spender can also stuff bills in a money belt especially designed for the large, economy-sized foreign note, or else drop the whole notion and put the roll in super-safe traveler's checks.

To help educate the tyro traveler in the tricky ways of foreign exchanges the bank house of Perera and Co. is offering tourists $100 foreign currency packets custom-made according to the countries the traveler plans to visit. Foreign bills are proportioned so that the tourist will get the largest dollar amount in those currencies which net him the biggest saving. But in any event the packet will include a smattering of currency of all countries he plans to visit so that he will be covered for such immediate expenses as porter tips and depot-to-hotel transfers.

A traveler, for example, on his way to visit Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Spain would be likely to receive a $100 packet with $35 worth of French francs, $35 worth of Spanish pesetas, and $10 each of Dutch guilders, Belgian francs, and Swiss francs. There is virtually no saving on Dutch, Belgian, or Swiss money bought here. But the saving on French francs is about 13 per cent, and on Spanish pesetas 12 per cent.

To the foreign currency houses the traveler's check method is safe, conservative, and expensive. On March 1, Perera was quoting the following savings on European currencies:

Turkey	60 per cent
Finland	30 per cent
France	13 per cent
Spain	12 per cent
Britain	4½ per cent
Sweden	4 per cent
Norway	3½ per cent
Italy	3 per cent

In some countries, such as Greece, the currency is more expensive if purchased here, but Perera stocks it anyway as a convenience to any customer who wants to have cash in the pocket when landing. It advises its customers to buy currencies in the winter, up until the middle of March, when the demand is lower. Like any other commodity, the price of money rises when the demand is greater. And on summer days in the

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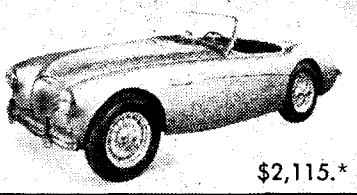
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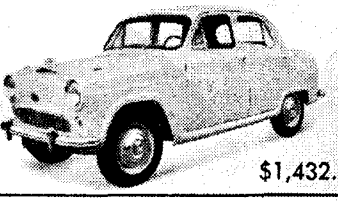
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middle of July Perera's small Rockefeller Center branch will sell $100,000 worth of foreign bills.

Frequently, tourists are timid about exchanging a large amount of dollars into foreign currency lest they have European bills left over. Like most houses, Perera buys as well as sells, and indeed it will sell over the counter what it buys over the counter. Tourists who have money left over at the end of a summer's trip are advised to wait until the following May, when the rate is higher, to sell it. Speculators buy at the low winter rates, sell at the high summer rates.

Although Perera does buy foreign currency over the counter, no questions asked, the bulk of the bills is bought from banks in Switzerland, the main free-money market in Europe. The rates are watched carefully every day. When it seems advantageous a buy-order is cabled to a Swiss bank. The notes are shipped air express the next day. The U.S. imposes no import duty on money.

How does the Swiss bank get the money? Well, it is an open secret that the currency is smuggled out of the country of its origin, and the Swiss banks buy, no questions asked. A French citizen, as an example, moving to Venezuela has perhaps a life saving of 25,000,000 francs, about $62,500. Should he ask in a French bank for the equivalent in Venezuelan currency the bank will be unable to oblige. So he smuggles the francs into Switzerland, where they are exchanged into Venezuelan bolivars. The francs in turn may be air expressed to the United States, where they are bought by American tourists and returned to France to pay hotel bills, cabs, and dust collectors.

It is, of course, rather doubtful whether the French Government derives any benefit from such an exchange, wherein dollars do not find their way into French banks, as they would if the tourist's francs had been bought in France. Perera officials are inclined to feel that French officialdom thinks that, all in all, loose currency controls are still an inducement for the traveler to spend more time and more money in France. And, besides, tightening controls always seems to bring a lowering in the rate of exchange.

Do Perera's over-the-counter purchases come from smuggled sources too? Probably, yes. After all, it is forbidden to bring rubles into Russia or take them out, but at Perera's uptown branch, a dozen feet from Fifth Ave., rubles are selling at eight to one, double the official exchange. A man willing to risk a couple of years in Lubianka could see the Soviet Union at half price. —H. S.

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A Festival Guide to Europe

DRAMA

Austria

BREGENZ FESTIVAL, *(Bregenz, July 21-Aug. 15)*: World premiere of "Johanna," play by Max Mell. "King Ottokars Luck and Decline," tragedy by Grillparzer.

Belgium

"PLAY OF ST. EVERMEIRE," *(Rutten, May 1)*: Religious mystery based on an incident in 699.

Denmark

VIKING FESTIVAL, *(Frederikssund, June 16-24)*: Fifth annual re-enactment, scenes inspired by Danish sagas.

France

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC ART FESTIVAL, *(Paris, May 15-July 15)*: Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," Ghelderode's "Barabbas."
OUTDOOR PAGEANT, *(Rouen, June 21, 22)*: Joan of Arc and her times. Parade, June 23.

Germany

RUHR FESTIVAL OF PLAYS, *(Recklinghausen, June 22-July 30)*: Goethe's "Iphigenia."
HISTORICAL PAGEANT, *(Landshut, June 23-Aug. 7)*: Cast of 1,000 re-enacts royal wedding of 1475. Colorful costuming.
PLAY FESTIVAL, *Hersfeld, July (exact dates to be announced)*: Shakespeare's "Othello," von Hofmannsthal's "Everyman."
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, *(Stratford-upon-Avon, Apr. 10-Nov. 30)*.
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL WEEKS, *(Berlin, Sept. 15-Oct. 2)*: Display of Western culture, program to be announced.

Great Britain

FESTIVAL THEATRE, *(Pitlochry, Scotland, Apr. 28-Sept. 29)*: "She Stoops to Conquer," "Ebb Tide," others.
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, *(Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 19-Sept. 8)*: Stratford, (Ont.) Festival players in "Henry V."

Greece

GREEK TRAGEDIES, *(Epidaurus, June 16-July 4)*: Program to be announced.
ATHENS FESTIVAL, *(Athens, Aug. 22-Sept. 30)*: Program to be announced.

Ireland

PAGEANT, *(Dublin, May 16-21)*: Epic deeds of Cuchulainn, Ireland's prince legendary hero.

Italy

WORKS OF D'ANNUNZIO, *(Gardone, June 1-10)*: Program to be announced.

Netherlands

HOLLAND FESTIVAL, *(Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Hague, June 15-July 15)*: Le Théâtre National Populaire, of Paris.

Norway

IBSEN FESTIVAL, *(Oslo, May 23-29)*: "Little Eyolf," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "The

(Continued on page 56)

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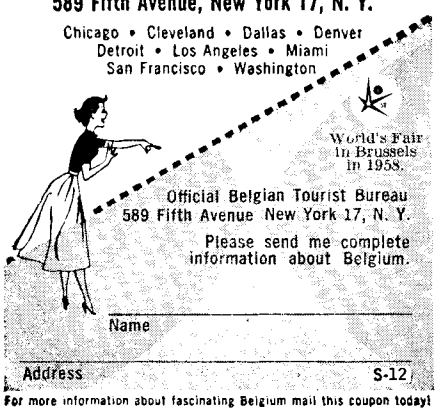

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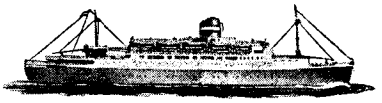

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Wild Duck," "Emperor and Galilean," "Peer Gynt," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "Brand."
BERGEN FESTIVAL, *(Bergen, May 25-June 7):* "Jean de France," by Ludvig Holberg, *May 26-June 3.*
OLSOK EVE FESTIVAL, *(Stiklestad, July 29):* Life of St. Olav, Norway's martyr king.

Spain

"THE MYSTERY OF ELCHE," *(Elche, Aug. 14, 15):* Lyrical-liturgical drama.

Sweden

STOCKHOLM FESTIVAL, *(Stockholm, June 3-13):* Program to be announced.
"THE ROAD to HEAVEN," *(Leksand, July 13-20).*

Switzerland

"WILLIAM TELL," *(Interlaken, July 15, 19, 22, 26, 29; Aug. 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 25, 26; Sept. 2, 9):* Schiller's dramatization of the Swiss arrowsmith in a woodland setting.

Yugoslavia

"THE PEASANT WEDDING," *(Bled, July 1-7):* Folkloric pageant.
SUMMER FESTIVAL, *(Dubrovnik, July 1-Aug. 31):* Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Goethe's "Iphigenia."

FILM FESTIVALS

France

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, *(Cannes, April 10-22).*

Germany

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, *(Berlin, June 22-July 3).*

Great Britain

EDINBURGH, *(Scotland, Aug. 19-Sept. 8):* International films, Edinburgh Festival.

Italy

INTERNATIONAL RALLY OF THE MOVIES, *(San Remo, Apr. 14-16).*
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MOTION PICTURE ART, *(Venice, Sept. 1-15).*

Spain

INTERNATIONAL COLOR FILM FESTIVAL, *(San Sebastian, July):* Dates to be announced.

Switzerland

TENTH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, *(Locarno, July 13-21).*

FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS

France

VERSAILLES FOUNTAINS PLAY *(May 6, 13, 20; June 3, 10, 17; July 1, 8, 15; Aug. 5, 12, 19; Sept. 2, 9, 16; Oct. 1, 4, 21).*

MUSIC FESTIVALS

Austria

FESTIVAL WEEKS, *(Vienna, June 2-24):* Orchestras of Leningrad and Prague, La Scala, Berlin, Vienna.
MOZART CONGRESS, *(Vienna, June 3-9):* International Congress of Science of Music. Mozart.
BREGENZ FESTIVAL, *(Bregenz, July 19-Aug. 15):* "Der Bettelstudent," operetta; "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Berlin State Opera Ballet; Vienna Symphony Orchestra.
SALZBURG FESTIVAL, *(Salzburg, July 21-Aug. 30):* "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," others.

Denmark

ROYAL DANISH BALLET AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Copenhagen, Elsinore, and Hillerod, May 18-31):* Copenhagen Boys' Choir; organ recitals, classical and modern ballets.

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Finland

SIBELIUS FESTIVAL, *(Helsinki, June 9-18):* Seven Sibelius symphonies, the violin concerto, solo songs, other local contemporaries.
INTERNATIONAL SONG, MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Turku, June 29-July 1):* 3,000 singers.

France

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC ART FESTIVAL, *(Paris, May 15-July 15):* State Opera of Berlin; Great Britain's English Opera Group; Italy's San Carlo Opera Troupe.
STRASBURG FESTIVAL, *(Strasburg, June 8-23):* Mozart.
MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Aix-en-Provence, July 7-Aug. 2):* "Don Giovanni," "Platée," "The Barber of Seville," "The Telephone," and "La Belle et La Bête."
CASALS FESTIVAL, *(Prades, July 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18):* Bach, Mozart, Schuman by Casals, Haskil, Horozanski, Istomen, Menuhin, Serken, Szigetti, and Vegh Quartet.
MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Besançon, Sept. 6-16):* Joseph Krips, Jersey Katlewicz, Paul Paray, Pierre Monteaux, Carl Schuricht to conduct.
"PFIFFERDAY," *(Ribeauvillé, Sept. 2):* Honoring Our Lady of Dusenbach, patron saint of fiddlers. Choral singing, brass band concerts.

Germany

MAY FESTIVAL, *(Wiesbaden, May 5-28):* Vienna State Opera, Rome Opera, Belgrade Opera, and Les Étoiles de Paris, ballet group.
FRANCONIAN FESTIVE WEEK, *(Bayreuth, May 29-June 3):* Mozart Festival. Opera, concert, ballet.
TWENTY-NINTH MOZART FESTIVAL, *(Wuerzburg, June 9-23):* Eugen Jochum to conduct. Koeckert Quartet.
GERMAN MOZART FESTIVAL, *(Ludwigsburg, June 29-July 15):* "Cosi fan tutte," "La Finta Giardiniera."
OPERETTA FESTIVAL, *(Koblenz, June 30-Sept. 16):* On floating stage, Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. "Indigo," by Johann Strauss.
WAGNER FESTIVAL, *(Bayreuth, July 24-Aug. 25):* "The Ring," "Meistersinger," "Flying Dutchman," "Parsifal."
BACH WEEK, *(Ansbach, July 25-Aug. 1):* Bach's French suites, sonatas for violin and harpsichord, fugues, cantatas.
ITALIAN OPERA WEEKS, *(Augsburg, July 28-Aug. 12):* "Othello," "Macbeth," "Battle of Legnano," "Il Trovatore."
BAVARIAN STATE OPERA FESTIVAL, *(Munich, Aug. 10-Sept. 9):* "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Egyptian Helena," "Julius Caesar."

Great Britain

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, *(Glyndebourne, June 1-July 31):* Mozart's "Idomenco," "Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan tutte," "Die Zauberflote."
INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, LLANGOLLEN, *(Wales, July 10-15):* Traditional songfest, choral groups from many lands.
FESTIVAL OF EARLY MUSIC, *(Haslemere, July 14-21):* Pre-nineteenth century music played on early instruments.
ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, ABERDARE, *(Wales, July 10-15):* Welsh music festival.
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, *(Edinburgh, Aug. 19-Sept. 8):* Hamburg State Opera, Boston Symphony, Sadler's Wells Ballet.
THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL, *(Gloucester, Sept. 2-7):* 29th annual meeting of choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester. Three hundred voices.

Greece

ATHENS FESTIVAL, *(Athens, Aug. 22-Sept. 30):* Concerts, opera.

Ireland

AN TOSTAL, *(All Ireland, May 6-21):* Annual homecoming. Irish song, music, dance festival, Dublin.
IRISH DANCING, MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Elton, June 29).*

Italy

MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Florence, May 2-June 30):* Nineteenth celebration. Program to be announced.
WAGNERIAN CONCERTS, *(Ravello, June 15-30).*

(Continued on page 58)

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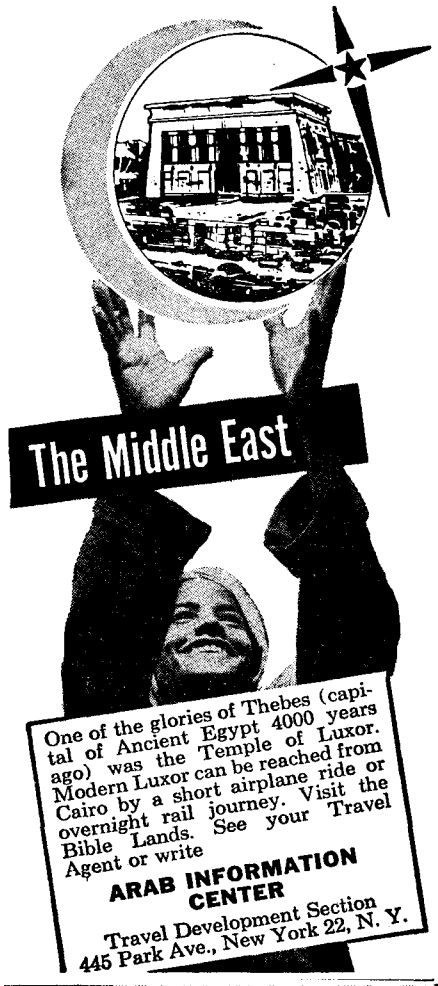

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Luxembourg

MUSIC, SONG CONTEST, *(Esch-sur-Alzette, June 17).*

Netherlands

HOLLAND FESTIVAL, *(Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, June 15-July 15):* Choral, orchestral concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet. The Ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, may perform.

Norway

BERGEN FESTIVAL, *(Bergen, May 25-June 7):* BBC Symphony, Oistrakh. Annual tribute to Edvard Grieg; some recitals at his home "Troldhaugen."

BOYS BAND FESTIVAL, *(Skien, June 30, 31):* Tootling by 10,000 young Europeans.

Spain

MUSIC, DANCE FESTIVAL, *(Granada, June 20-July 2):* The Fifth annual. Gieseking, Menuhin, and Segovia.

Sweden

WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL, *(Stockholm, June 3-10):* International Society for Contemporary Music.

STOCKHOLM FESTIVAL, *(Stockholm, June 3-13):* Opera, ballet, music.

"PETRUS De DACIA," *(Visby, July 18, 19, 21, 24, 26; Aug. 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 11):* Operatic miracle play.

"ARNLJOT," *(Frösö, July 25-31):* (dates tentative). Viking Opera.

Switzerland

ZURICH FESTIVAL, *(Zurich, June 1-30):* Mozart, Arthur Honegger.

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION FOR MUSICAL PERFORMERS, *(Geneva, Sept. 15-Oct. 8):* For voice, piano, violin, guitar, oboe, horn.

Yugoslavia

LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL, *(Ljubljana, June 1-July 22):* Opera, ballet, philharmonic orchestras.

SUMMER FESTIVAL, *(Dubrovnik, July 1-Aug. 31):* Symphony orchestra concerts, ballet, operas.

FAIRS, EXHIBITIONS

Austria

SPRING FAIR, *(Graz, Apr. 28-May 6):* Industrial, handicraft exhibits.

Belgium

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, *(Brussels, Apr. 28-May 13).*

COLONIAL WARES EXHIBIT, *(Charleroi, May 19-June 3).*

Denmark

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, *(Copenhagen. Technical Section, March 17-25; Consumer Goods Section, Apr. 7-15).*

DANISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, *(Fredericia, Aug. 2-12).*

SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN CAVALCADE, *(Copenhagen, Sept. 1-Oct. 15).*

Finland

FINNISH TEXTILES FAIR, *(Helsinki, March 25-27).*

SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN CAVALCADE, *(Helsinki, Sept. 1-30).*

France

INTERNATIONAL TRADE EXHIBITION, *(Lyons, April 7-16).*

SPRING FAIR, *(Lille, Apr. 21-May 6):* Agricultural produce, breweries' stands.

INTERNATIONAL SAMPLES FAIR, *(Paris, May 5-21):* Expect 10,000 exhibits from thirty-two nations.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR, *(Bordeaux, June 10-25):* Colonial crafts, agricultural machinery, automobiles shown.

Germany

GERMAN HANDICRAFTS FAIR, *(Munich, Apr. 27-May 10).*

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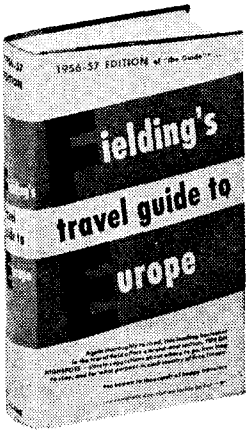

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GERMAN INDUSTRIES FAIR. *(Hanover, Apr. 29-May 8).*
FALL TRADE FAIRS: *(Frankfurt, Sept. 2-6; Cologne, Sept. 16-18).*
BOOK FAIR, *(Frankfurt, Sept. 19-24).*
"PHOTOKENA," *(Cologne, Sept. 29-Oct. 7)*: Photographic exhibition.

Great Britain

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, second part, *(Birmingham and London, Apr. 23-May 4).*

Greece

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. *(Thessaloniki, Sept. 2-22).*

Ireland

INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL FAIR. *(Dublin, May 1-5).*

Italy

INTERNATIONAL SAMPLES FAIR, *(Milan, Apr. 12-27):* Some 4,000,000 visitors look at 10,000 exhibits.
ITALIAN ARTS, CRAFTS SHOW, *(Florence, Apr. 28-May 19):* Italy's national handicraft show.
MEDITERRANEAN FAIR, *(Palermo, May 25-June 10):* Agriculture, arts, industries of southern Mediterranean on display.
BIENNIAL ART SHOW, *(Venice, June-October).*
FAIR OF THE LEVANT, *(Bari, Sept. 9-27):* Clearing house for Near Eastern and Italian wares.

Luxembourg

INDUSTRY, TRADE FAIR. *(Luxembourg City, May 26-June 10).*

Netherlands

TRADE FAIRS, *(Utrecht, Mar. 13-22; Sept. 3-13).*
REMBRANDT COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION, *(Amsterdam and Rotterdam, May 18-Oct. 20):* 350th anniversary of the Dutch master.

Norway

INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL FAIR, *(Trondheim, June 26-28).*
SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN CAVALCADE, *Oslo, Aug. 18-Sept. 23).*

Portugal

REGIONAL FAIR, *(Vila Real, June 13):* Feast of St. Anthony, who was born in Lisbon.
LIVESTOCK FAIR, *(Golegã, Nov. 10-12).*

Spain

SPRING FAIR, *(Seville, Apr. 18-23):* Dancing, parades, bullfights in Spain's most colorful hoe-down.

Sweden

SWEDISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, *(Gothenburg, May 12-21).*
ST. ERIK'S INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, *(Stockholm, Sept. 1-16).*
SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN CAVALCADE, *(Stockholm, Sept. 1-Oct. 1).*

Switzerland

SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR, *(Basel, Apr. 14-24).*
INVENTIONS, NOVELTIES EXHIBITION, *(Zurich, May 8-17).*
"COMPTOIR SUISSE," *(Lausanne, Sept. 8-23):* Agricultural, industrial, trade fair.

Turkey

EXHIBITION OF TURKISH PAINTING, SCULPTURE, *(Ankara, March 19-31).*
TRADE FAIR, *(Izmir, Aug. 20-Sept. 20).*

Yugoslavia

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIRS, *(Zagreb, March 30-April 8; Sept. 7-20).*

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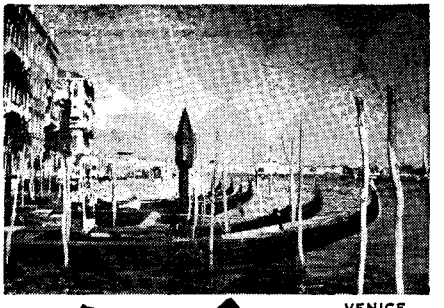

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Ideas for an Idyl

Continued from page 46

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GREECE: Mykonos is a pure delight of a dot in the Aegean, reachable on the five-day or the two-day cruises of the *Semiramis*, a pleasant, obese steamer that putters between Athens and the islands all summer long. The whole town is whitewashed every week, including the 365 churches, windmills churn in the breezes off the blue sea, island fashions are hung for sale on beached barques pulled up at the harborside, and at eventide the Greeks uncover their guitars and serenade the moon at the waterfront taverns. A *caique*, a high-bow barque with a motor that palsies your cheek, will take you out to a magnificent beach where there is a broad sweep of sand, a few bath-houses, and a stand that sells milky *ouzo* and oily sardines. *Caiques* also shudder out to Delos, perhaps forty minutes away, a fantastic repository of Greek ruins from the island's salad days as a sacred and flourishing port way back B.C. There is a small tourist pavilion on Delos where you can eat an omelet and buy a sea-horse, but stay on Mykonos at the new Lito Hotel, cushioned in oleander, wooed by the nightingales, washed by the sea.

SWITZERLAND: Ascona is the Capri of Switzerland, if that's at all possible, an arty town on Lake Maggiore that could very well be Italian. It gets a young, shorts-wearing crowd who inhabit the Monte Verità, a hotel with rooms for about seventy on top of a hill of the same name, which charges about forty-five Swiss francs or, say, $11 a day for room, bath, and three meals. If you arrive by car you can consider the Castello del Sole, an inn on a delta protruding into the River Maggia three miles from town. The Castello nestles in its own shady park, has its own beach, and the only reason for leaving would be to visit the nine-hole golf course, or to take a boat excursion to Stresa or Locarno. For anybody not *en pension* the Antico Ristorante Quarini serves *polenta*, the Borromeo has low-priced north-of-Italy dishes, and the Isole has a bar and candles. Dancing at night in the huge Taverna or in the open air outside town at the Grotto Chiodi, where the lanterns sway in breezes off the lake. By daylight Maggiore itself is the attraction. People ski on it, chestnut trees border it, women wash clothes in it,

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and Germans, German-Swiss, and English bathe in it. The Americans are up north taking the rubber-neck tours of Lucerne.

SPAIN: Fifteen miles from San Sebastian is the Basque village of Zarauz. It is a quiet family resort superimposed on a tiny fishing town, which means it is bright with color, but restfully green with gardens. The surf is liable to be rough, but the seaside promenade is peaceful enough, golf is handy, and on week-ends the bouncing Basques play pelote on the village *frontons*. The Gran Hotel, which has a terrace over the sea, gets $2.50 a day plus about $6 for meals, and the Hotel Zarauz will wrap it all up for $7, daily.

SCOTLAND: Cruises of the Scottish lochs begin May 1, sailing out of Liverpool and burrowing into fjords and nooks all over the Western coast of Scotland. All cruises commence on Fridays with a choice of eleven itineraries from six to thirteen days, all aboard the TSS (for twin screw steamer) *Lady Killarney*. Six days, as an example, would cost $76.44 including cabins, meals, and forays into heathered hills where the citizenry still speaks Gaelic and talks (in Gaelic) of kelpies, ghosts, and who-knows-what-all. Cruise number two calls at Mull, whose patriarch, the Duke of Argyll, is sometimes seen standing kilted on the shore directing his divers as they stir the mud of Tobermory Bay in search of the sunken pay ship of the Spanish Armada.

—Horace Sutton.

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Carnac Beach, *in the middle of trees, with shady avenues, hotels, villas, cottages, storehouses, is the most attractive Briton shore. The sandy beach, long of two miles, with a gentle slope, is of all tranquility for children and baths can be taken at any hour of tide. Sun light is great and by the arborescent climate mimosas, eucalyptus and camelias trees are growing in profusion.*—From a tourist folder.

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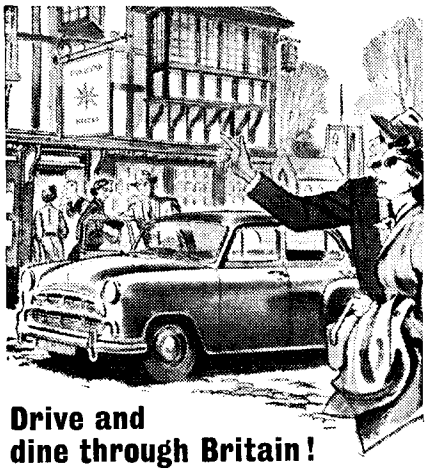

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Travelers' Tales

TOURING THE PAST: Capsules of history so vivid that Caesar and Nero come alive again, and Pisa is once more a flourishing seaport study Genevieve Foster's **"When and Where in Italy"** (Rand McNally, $3.50). Mrs. Foster takes us first to ancient Rome, where we see the Forum and the Colosseum when they were most glorious and meet many of history's elite. Gradually we are brought through time to the Middle Ages, visiting Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Milan, Florence, and the hill towns as each in its turn donned its medieval finery. In 1500 we find ourselves meeting Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, the fabulous Medicis, and the family of Este. As a visual stimulant, there are charming illustrations by the author. —J. J.

AT LARGE IN THE U.K.: James Reynolds has wandered over the entire United Kingdom (Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland) and has clearly had a high old time doing it. In **"Sovereign Britain"** (Putnam, $7.50) he has not only described the local scenery (including art, architecture, dress, and customs), but also the history and the legend behind this scenery. As a special attraction he has made a point of enumerating the art and furnishings to be found in the castles and great houses of the countryside now maintained by the National Trust. —J. H.

TWO-HANDED HANDBOOK: The newest production of Richard Joseph, unfortunately, is neither a practical guidebook nor a fireside companion for the would-be traveler. In **"Guide to Europe and the Mediterranean"** (Doubleday, $5.95) the author's leisurely presentation of factual material only burdens the tourist with unnecessary weight and bulk, and the extensive coverage could be of full value only to those planning extensive trips.

Mr. Joseph's general advice to the uninitiated includes the usual: ways to unwind red tape, currency precautions, suggestions on packing, camera tips, and information on air and sea travel and on auto travel through Europe. The *wise* don't need his "Several Words to the Wise" (a brief chapter on travel etiquette)—but most of us do.

With England as our first stop, Mr. Joseph takes us at a restful pace through European and Mediterranean countries, pointing out in each tourist highlights, colorful restaurants and night spots, popular hotels (grouped by class) and pensions, what to wear when, and what to buy. Printed inside the jacket is a convenient currency guide. —J. J.

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How to Fill an Attic

Continued from page 49

ture; wood carving and contemporary arts and crafts.

HOLLAND: Diamonds, if you can afford the customs duty, Delftware, Leerdam glass, and antiques sum up the Dutch story.

ITALY: Practically everything reflects the Italian affinity for beauty. From an embarrasment of riches we choose: modern ceramics, the heavier Murano glass, stone and mosaic ornaments, hand-chased silver novelties, Florentine jewelry, silk fabrics and embroidered garments, leather and straw goods, musical instruments, and works of art. Italian *haute couture* levels off at lower price altitudes than the French; the same goes for ready-made clothing and accessories. Tour-ist-shoppers can have an Elysian field-day.

PORTUGAL: Ceramic tiles (they practically pave the streets with them), elaborate jewel settings, Madeira embroideries, and cork novelties make up the agenda for Lisbon and Funchal.

SCANDINAVIA: In **Denmark** even the King rides a bicycle so that he can go long on Danish silver. We'd *walk* to corner not only their silver but ceramics and furniture. **Finland** is tops in art ceramics and translucent rice-grain china; in original tapestries and hand-knotted *ryijy* rugs. **Norway** enamels its silver hollowware and jewelry. Here, where children learn to ski as soon as they can stand, the big buy are skis and related equipment. The exquisitely engraved glass of **Sweden,** notably Orrefors, leads the field. Ceramics and textiles emphasize contemporary design and hand-knit sweaters of "Bohus" origin boast high styling as well as high quality.

SPAIN: Here one may go hell-bent for leather—in all forms and mutations. Toledo cutlery and jewelry are often cheaper in Madrid than in the source spot. *Haute couture* is a good deal less haughty in price and men's overcoats of excellent woolen cloth are a gift. Better stick to reputable shops for Spanish antiques and beware of the *Rastro* or flea market.

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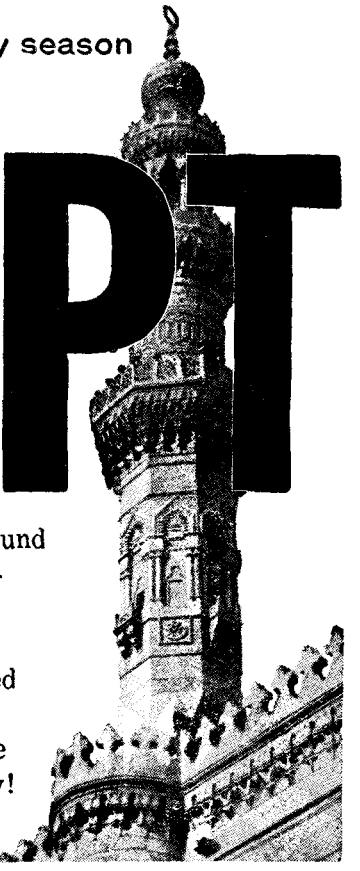

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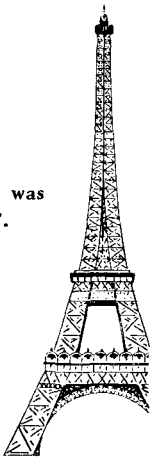

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Peregrinating

Continued from page 51

science pangs when they take off with photographers Bill and Erika Stone on their own specially-designed tour. The itinerary has been carefully planned and unique sidetrips are available, but every photographer will be free to roam on his own if he'd rather. Travel between the cities and villages of France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy will be by special motorcoach so that picture-taking pauses can be permitted en route. The twenty-one-day tour (beginning Jul 28) is being offered by American Express in cooperation with Pan-American World Airways for $1,015, and can be budgeted.

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GENIUS WANTED. Composer seeks lyricist and/or author. Object: Collaboration. Box Y-443.

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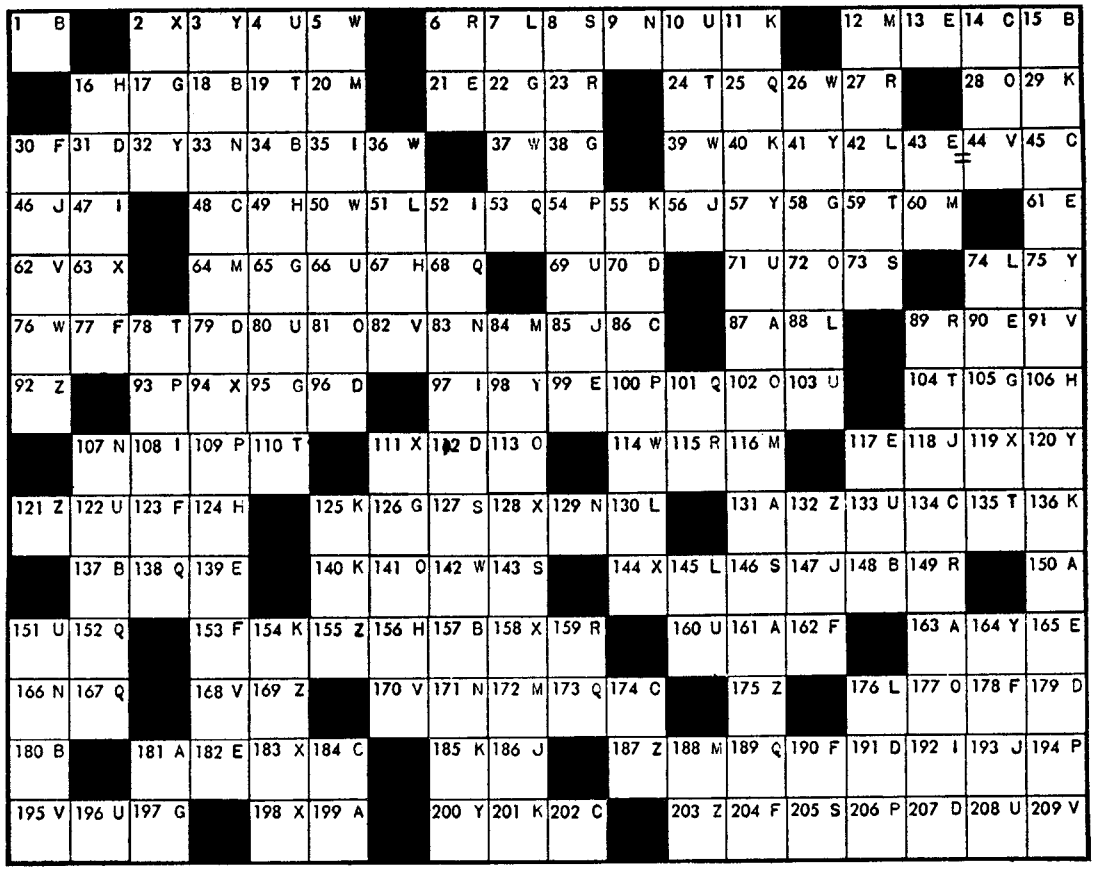
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Gem almost pure orange in color.	181 150 131 161 199 87 163
B. Common characteristic of life, love, and wine (3 wds.).	148 34 180 157 1 15 137 18
C. Last king of Media, taken captive by Cyrus, 550 B.C.	14 134 184 174 45 86 202 48
D. Number of men "called Smith" among Byron's "several Englishmen of pith" ("Don Juan," Canto VI).	112 31 79 207 70 191 179 96
E. English playwright (1866-1952; with Hornblow, "Bought and Paid For").	61 165 90 21 117 13 182 99 139 43
F. Pertaining to chess.	162 77 153 190 30 123 178 204
G. Inventor (author) of Word U.	17 58 95 65 105 126 22 38 197
H. Commercial term for the market of a commodity.	156 49 16 67 106 124
I. Unsound.	52 108 97 35 47 192
J. English form, name of the merchant of Venice.	118 46 193 56 186 85 147
K. Chief function of the top of an airplane carrier (2 wds.).	11 154 40 55 201 185 136 140 29 125
L. Dirge.	176 42 145 51 130 88 74 7
M. Interrogation for rhetorical effect.	116 172 188 12 20 60 84 64
N. Optimistic.	107 171 166 9 129 83 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Length, extent, or volume of a bolt of fabric.	141 28 177 113 72 102 81
P. Institute; invest with sacerdotal functions.	100 194 93 109 54 206
Q. English adventurer in Amer., 17th cent.; fought Pequots, helped win New Amsterdam for England.	101 189 152 167 173 53 138 25 68
R. Planned or shaped after a pattern.	6 27 159 23 89 115 149
S. Levy.	146 73 8 205 127 143
T. All set for (action; 2 wds.).	19 135 24 110 59 104 78
U. Hester Prynne's husband.	80 103 66 4 10 69 151 122 71 133 208 196 160
V. Act of making anything illegal.	91 62 168 44 195 170 82 209
W. Controlled by evil spirits, a fixed idea, etc.	50 37 76 36 142 114 26 39 5
X. A system of curative practice based on theory of disease as caused by derangement of tissues, etc.	94 183 63 158 198 144 111 2 128 119
Y. Pine or other such fuel that burns readily (southern U.S.).	120 75 41 98 200 57 3 164 32
Z. Smooth, slippery, place on water, often iridescent, caused by grease of some sort (2 wds.).	169 175 155 203 132 121 187 92

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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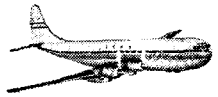

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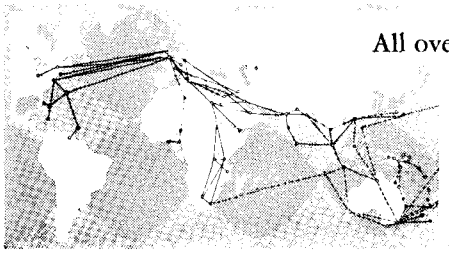

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Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, S. C. Foreign guide books once ranked these gardens with the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls as America's three greatest spectacles.

The southern belle pointed the way...

The garden capital of colonial America, Charleston was once described by an early tourist as "a southern belle with flowers in her hair." When you drive there today, you'll find her as excitingly beautiful as ever.

Here you can tour through stately ante-bellum homes . . . visit rich historic sites . . . and wander through many of the region's loveliest gardens, including Middleton Place, the nation's first landscaped gardens, and Cypress Gardens, where you ride in boats through a floral wonderland.

But Charleston today has no monopoly on garden beauty. Wherever you drive from coast to coast you'll find America blooming with many spectacular gardens due, in large part, to the untiring efforts of the nation's garden clubs. One of the largest and most active groups is the National Council of State Garden Clubs, Inc., an association of state federations which works unflaggingly to promote horticulture, civic beauty and conservation.

The need for a garden has been part of the American character from the very beginning. The Pilgrim dames of Plymouth brought flower seeds with them to brighten this wild new land and many an overcrowded covered wagon rumbled west with a few dusty geraniums bobbing on the load. It's a proud banner that the ladies of the garden clubs have inherited from the "southern belle." They carry it exceedingly well.

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